THE LIMA NEWS.

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THE PAUL JONES.

A Thorough and Fruitless Search for the Missing Naptha Launch in the Gulf.

BELIEVED THE LITTLE VESSEL IS LOST

Capt. O. Neilsen, of the Steamer Georgia, Reports Passing a Launch Between Biloxi and Scranton.

This Was on January 4, and the Craft Tallied in Every Particular With the Paul Jones—This Is the Last Information Concerning Her.

ST. LOUIS. Jan. 17.—A special from Biloxi, Miss., says:

After a thorough and fruitless search of the coast, inside and outside Chandeleur, Ship and Horn islands, there seems to be little cause for hope that the naptha launch Paul Jones is afloat and every reason to believe that that the persons aboard her have perished.

Additional light is thrown on the movements of the launch after she passed out of the Mississippi river by Capt. O. Nielsen, of the steamer Georgia plying as a passenger and tow boat between here and Ship island, who gives a description of a launch which he passed on the morning of January 4, while on a trip from Scranton to Biloxi, tallying in every particular with that of the missing craft. Capt. Nielsen says that the launch was about 50 feet in length, with strongly built houses on deck, finished in a dark wood, probably mahogany, and attracted his attention because she was much larger than any of the launches usually seen on the coast.

When the Georgia passed her she was about half way between Ship island and the main land and was heading for Grant's Pass. This is the regular route taken by pleasure craft, keeping inshore. In the ordinary course of events the launch should have reached Mobile next day. This is the last information obtainable concerning her.

On the arrival of the tug Leo at Scranton Monday evening her captain reported seeing a large launch 15 miles south of Horn island. It was at first supposed that this was the missing Paul Jones, but later gulf navigators, who have been watching the coast closely for a week, declared that the Leo's find was one of the Baldwin launches out of New Orleans, which left Pearl river, south of here, and was reported by the Lookout on Saturday evening.

Jonathan Ross Sworn In.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 17.—The senate held no session for the transaction of business Monday. When the body convened at 12 o'clock it proceeded at once to the hall of the house of representatives to attend as a body the obsequies of the late Representative Nelson Dingley. At 1 o'clock the senate returned to its chamber. Jonathan Ross, appointed by Gov. Smith, of Vermont, to fill the unexpired term of the late Senator Justin C. Morrill, was sworn in, and at 1:07 p. m., on motion of Mr. Allison, the senate adjourned until Tuesday.

To Take Possession of Wake Island.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 17.—The navy department was informed Monday that the Bennington sailed from Honolulu on the 7th inst. for Guam in accordance with the orders of the navy department. On the way over she will stop at Wake island and take possession of it for use as a cable station. The Castine sailed Sunday from San Juan de Porto Rico for Gibraltar. She is going to the Philippines to reinforce Dewey's fleet.

Bills Introduced in the House.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 17.—The following bills were introduced in the house Monday: By Mr. Dolliver, of Iowa, to redeem outstanding 4 per cent. certificates of deposit issued under authority of the act of February 26, 1879; by Mr. Butler, of Pennsylvania, to reimburse petty officers and men who enlisted in the navy for one year or during the war with Spain for necessary clothing, etc., paid for by themselves.

[illegible] Party.

BOSTON, Jan. [illegible].—George [illegible] Wolcott has instructed Adj. Gen. Dalton to go to [illegible] Tuesday morning to meet the Dingley funeral party from Washington and express the sympathy of the commonwealth. There will be a floral emblem taken to [illegible] from the state consisting of ivy and American roses.

On the Way to Matanzas.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Jan. 17.—Maj. Bachman, with Companies A, B, E and F, [illegible] Indiana volunteers, arrived from Columbus, Ga., Monday night, and will sail for Matanzas, Cuba, at noon Tuesday on the transport Saratoga. There are about 400 men in the battalion.

Adventist Educator Killed.

BATTLE CREEK, Mich., Jan. 17.—Prof. G. H. Bell, a teacher in the Seventh Day Adventist college and well known all over the United States among Adventists, was killed Monday night by a kick from his horse. Prof. Bell was the author of several school books. He was 75 years old.

FOUND SHOES AND SOCKS.

Interest Renewed in the Famous Murder Case at Bellefontaine—A Clew Has Been Discovered.

BELLEFONTAINE, O., Jan. 17.—Interest in the famous Detrick murder case was revived here Monday by the discovery of a pair of shoes and two pairs of bloody socks packed away in the toes. The discovery was made by two young men who were walking through the woods opposite the house where the horrible murder was committed, in August, 1897, and which has remained a mystery ever since. The find was made while the young men were looking through a brush pile where a dog had made a point. It is believed the shoes were those worn by the murderer, and that the first real clew has been discovered. The police have secured the bloody socks and shoes and have great hopes for further developments.

PAY OF THE FOURTH OHIO.

It Will Probably Be Delayed Until January 20 Pending Adjustment of the Dispute With the Government.

COLUMBUS, O., Jan. 17.—The dispute regarding the pay of the 4th Ohio is still undetermined. Controller Tracewell refuses to modify his decision that $19.24 must be deducted from the pay of each man, claiming that the offer of the governor to reimburse the government can not be accepted under the precedents of the department. Gov. Bushnell said Monday night that if the government persisted in deducting the amount in dispute from the pay of the troops he would establish a paymaster's table alongside that of the government and reimburse every man for the amount deducted. The payment of the troops will probably be delayed until the 20th, pending an adjustment of the dispute.

Will Not Participate in the Conference.

COLUMBUS, O., Jan. 17.—The Hocking Valley coal operators held a conference here Monday in regard to the proposed meeting of operators and miners at Pittsburgh. They declined to announce officially what they had decided upon but make no denial that they will not participate in the conference. They are not pleased with the fact that they have been given no protection from West Virginia competition.

The Ohio Centennial.

COLUMBUS, O., Jan. 17.—The Ohio centennial commission's special committee started for Washington Monday, accompanied by about 80 prominent Ohio citizens, to urge congress to make an appropriation for the centennial. The party started on a special train from Toledo over the Hocking Valley and picked up President Jas. Kilbourne and others of the Columbus party here. The party will meet the Ohioans in congress on Wednesday evening.

No Bids for the Zoo.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 17.—The zoological garden was not sold Monday morning, for want of a bidder. A large crowd was in attendance, but moneyd men were scarce. A few minutes before the property was offered for sale Mr. John Goetz announced that in his opinion no bids would be presented. He said that the person who would buy it would be obliged to assume an indebtendess of $125,000.

HAS BEEN PLACED ON TRIAL

After Three Years of Postponement an Engineer, Charged With Responsibility for an Explosion, Has a Hearing.

DETROIT, Mich., Jan. 17.—After more than three years' postponement the trial was begun Monday of the man who was indicted under charges of responsibility for the explosion which wrecked the Journal building and resulted in the loss of 37 lives. The respondent, Thomas M. Thompson, who was engineer of the building, is charged with permitting a great steam pressure and with absenting himself from his post of duty. The trial has been delayed by [illegible] in the history of the [illegible].

[illegible] From St. Augustine to New York.

NEW YORK, Jan. 17.—The New York and Florida limited train of the Southern railway left here Monday on its first trip of the season. This splendid train covers the distance between New York and St. Augustine, over 1,000 miles, in a little more than 24 hours.

COURTMARTIALED

That Is Likely to Be the Fate of Commissary General Chas. P. Eagan.

ALGER WILL LIKELY MAKE CHARGES.

The War Department Decides on It and Gen. Merritt Will Be the President of the Board.

Gen. Eagan Makes an Apology to the War Investigating Board—He Has Eliminated All the Objectionable Matter in His Testimony Before the Board.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 17.—The war department has decided to court-martial Gen. Eagan. Gen. Merritt will be president of the court, which will sit at Washington. Owing to the impossibility of getting enough general officers to make up the entire detail, there will be some officers of junior rank on the court.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 16.—The revised statement of Gen. Egan with all objectionable matter eliminated, was submitted to the war investigating commission Monday morning.

It was accompanied by a letter of transmittal, in which Gen. Egan makes a formal apology to the commission.

Both the statement and apology were accepted by the commission in executive session.

The following is the letter of Gen. Eagan to the commission:

"Gentlemen: I have the honor to hand you herewith my testimony, which is now resubmitted and revised in connection with the views expressed by you in your letter to me of January 13, 1899.

"The objectionable features and what is considered irrelevant matter by you in which opinion I entirely agree, are eliminated. In this connection I desire to state that there was never a thought or intention on my part of any disrespect whatsoever to your commission, but in explanation and in extenuation of the language used by me heretofore. I beg to invite the attention of the commission to the fact that I have been accused practically of feeding the soldiers with poisoned beef which made them sick—'embalmed beef,' so called; that I have furnished meat to the army under the 'pretense of experiment,' which charge in effect is corruption and worse, because it jeopardized the lives of soldiers sent to the front in tropical climates and who were dependent on such food as was sent them; that these statements have gone to the whole country uncontradicted; that they have been published, and I have been pilloried in the press of the country as a man who had fed the army on poisoned meat and corruptly so; that for about three weeks time I have kept silent for the reason that I was debarred, after talking with the honorable secretary of war, from preferring charges, because of the immunity granted by the president to witnesses before your commission, notwithstanding the gravity of these accusations; that it is unreasonable to believe that such monstrous charges could have any other effect than to work upon an honorable man in such a way as to goad him to a species of desperation, and that it was but natural, when the proper opportunity was given him, to meet and refute the charges, that he should characterize them in harsh language and in terms that are deemed improper, no matter what the provocation.

"I therefore withdraw the language and matter so objectionable, and resubmit to you my sworn statement with the abiding faith that your commission, having all the facts before you will decide the points at issue justly. Very respectfully,

"CHARLES P. EAGAN,
"Commissary General."

NEW YORK, Jan. 17.—The Herald, in a Washington dispatch, says: "If Gen. Eagan is court-martialed it will not be the first time [illegible]

The Eruptions of Mount Vesuvius.

NAPLES, Jan. 17.—The eruptions of Mount Vesuvius is attaining great proportions. The flow of lava is unprecedented and streams of fire are pouring in all directions, though as yet no serious damage has occurred.

Fatal Political Dispute.

PRAGUE, Jan. 17.—A German student named Biberle fatally shot a Czech student named Lenhart here Monday with his revolver, in a fight resulting from a political dispute.

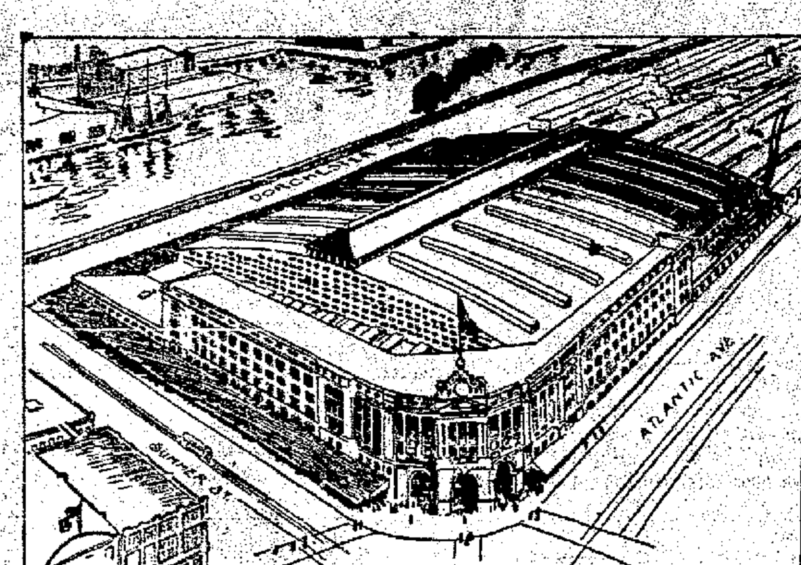
ARRANGEMENTS COMPLETED.

Reception of the Remains of Congressman Dingley at Lewiston, Me.—Burial in the Cemetery at Auburn.

LEWISTON, Me., Jan. 17.—Arrangements for the reception of the body of Nelson A. Dingley when it comes from Washington Tuesday and for the services to be held here, have been completed. The body and the persons attending it will be brought from Boston by a special train which will be met at Portland by a committee of citizens from Lewiston. The body will lie in state in the city hall Tuesday afternoon and on Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock the public funeral will be held.

When the train reaches this city, the local committee, with carriages, an escort of police and a military guard of honor from the grand army of the two cities, Lewiston and Auburn, will be in waiting. There will be 12 police and 12 soldiers of the grand army, four from each of the local posts of that organization. The procession will proceed to the city hall, the bells of both cities tolling meanwhile. The body will be placed in the main hall in a large catafalque. Then the citizens will be permitted to view the body until 5 o'clock, when it will be taken to the Dingley home. The funeral services will be held from the Pine Street Congregational church, of which Mr. Dingley was a member. The interment will be at the cemetery in Auburn.

NEW UNION STATION RECENTLY OPENED AT BOSTON.



THE LARGEST RAILROAD STATION IN THE WORLD.

THE CABINET OF ADVISERS.

Gen. Brooke Announces the Members of the Board Who Will Assist Him in Governing Cuba.

HAVANA, Jan. 17.—Monday afternoon Gov. Gen. Brooke announced the following appointments to the newly-constituted cabinet of advisers to the administration:

Department of government, Domingo Mendez Capote.

Department of finance, Pablo Desvernine.

Department of justice and public instruction, Jose Antonio Gonzales Lanuza.

Department of agriculture, industry, commerce and public works, Adolfo Saenz Yanez.

Col. Lanuza is now in Washington where he has been for some time with the members of the special commission representing the Cuban military assembly. The other members of the cabinet took the oath of allegiance before the judge advocate of the division, Gen. Brooke and Gen. Chaffee being present.

KANSAS CATTLE PLUNGER.

Grant G. Gillett Has Decided on Returning to the United States to Face His Creditors at Kansas City.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Jan. 17.—Grant G. Gillett, the Kansas cattle plunger, will return to the United States and [illegible] creditors in Kansas City on or before February 1, according to a statement made Monday by Charles F. [illegible] who came here from [illegible], Mo., several days ago and who has had numerous conferences with Gillett's principal creditors. [illegible] departed for Mexico Monday evening and just before his departure he admitted for the first time that he came here as the representative of the Kansan whose failure for over a million dollars so startled the financial world a few weeks ago.

THE PILIPINOS.

A Commission To Be Appointed To Study Their Habits and the Material Resources of the Philippines.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 17.—President Schurman, of Cornell university, was at the white house Monday and had a talk with the president. On leaving he said that he had accepted a position on a commission of five which is to be appointed to study the commercial and social problems of the Philippines. It is now understood that the other members of the commission will be Adm. Dewey, Gen. Otis, Col. Charles Denby and Prof. Dean C. Worcester, of Ann Arbor university.

The work of the commission, it is understood, will be purely of an economic and not of a political nature. They will study the manners and habits of the Filipinos, the material resources of the country and its commercial possi-

JACOB G. SCHURMAN.

bilities but they will not attempt to deal with the problem of government for the islands.

The president has been anxious for some time past to have a commission of this sort upon whose information he could rely. The personnel of the commission is considered excellent from the standpoint of expert knowledge. Adm. Dewey and Gen. Otis have, of course, become familiar with many of the practical sides of the Philippine problem. Col. Denby was for many years minister to China, and is thoroughly familiar with the people and many of the problems of the Orient. Prof. Worcester has lived for years in the Philippines, [illegible] the wildest of the Moros and Sulus, attended their tribal rites and studied the political economy of the islands at close range. He has written a book on the Philippines which is considered a standard reference work, and recently contributed an interesting series of articles on the Philippines to the Century magazine. President Schurman said the commission expected to sail for Manila about the first of February.

ITHACA, N. Y., Jan. 17.—It was announced Monday night that the board of trustees of Cornell university will appoint T. F. Crane, present dean of the faculty of arts and sciences, to perform the duties of President J. G. Schurman during the latter's absence in the Philippine islands. President Schurman's leave of absence will extend to January 1, 1900.

SQUADRON OF EVOLUTION.

The War Ships Designated by the Navy Department to Go South Under Command of Adm. Sampson.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 17.—The navy department has designated the following war ships to form the squadron of evolution which is to go south under direct command of Adm. Sampson: Flagship New York, Brooklyn, Indiana, Texas, Chicago, Newark, Machias.

They will be accompanied by the following named colliers and supply ships:

Marcellus, Lebanon and Supply. The ships are ordered to be at Havana prior to the 1st of February next. The Brooklyn arrived at Havana Monday with Assistant Secretary Allen aboard.

Ohio's Oldest Odd Fellow.

AKRON, O., Jan. 17.—Nathan [illegible], aged 87, believed to be the oldest odd fellow in Ohio, died Monday. He became a member of [illegible]

[illegible] Youngstown.

YOUNGSTOWN, O., Jan. 17.—[illegible]

[illegible] were drowned. The river had risen from the late rains.

SHORT SPECIALS.

A. F. Copeland, of New York, the prominent Manhattan Athletic club athlete, has been engaged as trainer of the Yale track team.

Negotiations looking to the consolidation of the copper mining interests of the United States have been in progress in New York for a week.

The Oceanic steamship company's vessel Moana, which sailed from Sydney, N. S. W., Monday, for San Francisco, carries 450,000 sovereigns.

A strong earthquake shock at 1 o'clock Monday morning threw the inhabitants of Santander, Spain, into a panic. A number of windows were broken.

The transport Ohio arrived at San Francisco from the Philippines Monday with 150 soldiers returned for various reasons. The vessel is in quarantine.

The cotroller of the currency Monday approved an application for authority to organize the state national bank of St. Louis, Mo. Capital, $2,000,000.

Maj. Gen. Lawton called at the white house Monday to pay his respects to the president before sailing for his command in the Philippines. He said he expected to leave Washington Tuesday.

In the North Carolina house of representatives of the general assembly Monday Mr. Patterson, of Caldwell county, offered a resolution protesting against the seating of Congressman-elect B. H. Roberts, of Utah.

George Gemunderone, one of the most expert violin makers in the country, is dead at his home in Astoria, L. I., aged 83 years. He was born in Wurtemberg, Germany. He had resided at Astoria, L. I., for a quarter of a century.

Thomas J. English, superintendent of the Cincinnati and Sandusky divisions of the Big Four railroad, has been appointed superintendent of the Chicago division of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, vice P. C. Snead, who has resigned on account of ill-health.

A special from Washington says at the request of Senator Fairbanks the secretary of the treasury has ordered the cutter Winona, at Mobile, to go to sea immediately in search of the yacht Paul Jones, thought to be in distress between New Orleans and Pensacola, Fla.

At Havana Gen. Menocal and ex-Superintendent McCullagh examined Monday 300 applicants for positions on the police force. About 80 patrolmen have been accepted so far, and of this number some 30 men are Spaniards. Menocal is acting fairly towards the Spanish candidates.

London diplomats refuse to take seriously the revival of the reported cables from Washington that the United States is willing to exchange the Philippine islands for the British West Indian islands. A high official of the foreign office characterized the statement as absurd.

According to Brig. Gen. Jose Miguel Gomez, a member of the Cuban commission now in Washington, the Cuban army is sure to receive the three years' pay to which it is entitled, $40,000,000 being advanced by the United States, with the custom houses of Cuba as security for its repayment.

Lewis Henry Boutell, father of Representative Boutell, of Illinois, died in Washington Monday of heart trouble, after an illness of about ten days. Funeral services will be held at the son's residence in Washington Tuesday and the body then will be taken to Evanston, Ill., for interment.

Dave Muskrat, R. Cutts and T. H. Dick, of Tahlequah, I. T., prominent Cherokees, left Kansas City for Washington Monday, intending to see President McKinley and enter a protest against the ratification of the treaty entered into Saturday last by the government commission and the nation's commission, dissolving tribal relations.

Aguinaldo's Emissaries.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 17.—The three emissaries of Aguinaldo, who arrived here Saturday, have departed for Washington, D. C., where they will confer with President McKinley regarding the government of the Philippines.

The Ashes of Columbus.

MADRID, Jan. 17.—The [illegible] arrived Monday at Cadiz from Havana [illegible] remains of Columbus, which were transferred to the [illegible] for conveyance to Seville.

[illegible]

COLUMBUS, O., Jan. 17.—James A. [illegible], of Mt. Vernon, filed a petition in bankruptcy in the United States court Monday. All he owes is [illegible], but inasmuch as he asserted that he has not a penny's worth of property, he will probably be declared bankrupt.

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PRIVATE BLAIR OF THE REGULARS.

It was Private Blair, of the regulars, before
Midst El Caney,
Who felt with every throb of his wound the life-tide ebb away;
And as he dwelt in a fevered dream on the home of his youthful years,
He heard near by the moan and sigh of two of the volunteers.
He raised him up and gazed at them, and likely lads they were,
But when he bade them pluck up heart he found they could not stir.
Then a bullet plowed the sodden loam, and his fearless face grew dark,
For he saw through the blur a sharpshooter who made the twain his mark.
And his strength leaped into his limbs again, and his fading eye burned bright;
And he gripped his gun with a steady hand and glanced along the sight;
Then another voice in that choir of fire outspoke with a deadly stress,
And in the trench at El Caney there lurked a Spaniard less.

But still the moans of the volunteers went up through the murky air,
And there kindled the light of a noble thought in the brain of Private Blair.
The flask at his side, he had drained it dry in the blistering scorch and shine,
So, unpeopled, he crept and crawled in the face of the firing line.
The whirring bullets sped o'erhead, and the great shells burst with a roar,
And the shrapnel tore the ground around like the tusks of the grisly boar.
But on he went with his high intent, till he covered the space between,
And came to the place where the Spaniard lay and clutched his full canteen.
Then he wriggled back o'er the bloody track, while death drummed loud in his ears,
And pressed the draught he would fain have quaffed to the lips of the volunteers.
"Drink!" cried he; "don't think of me, for I'm only a regular.
While you have homes in the mother-land where your waiting loved ones are."
Then his soul was sped to the peace of the dead. All praise to the men who dare,
And honor be from sea to sea to the dead of Private Blair!
—Clinton Scollard, in Leslie's Weekly.

THE WIRE FENCE AT SAN JUAN.

By J. R. Chamberlin.

IN every war some of the bravest of the brave, who do deeds worthy of praise, are never known by name. This is true in an especial way of the late war. In the calm days of the truce that followed the hard fighting at Caney, and on the San Juan ridge of the first of July, I heard many company commanders tell stories of the intrepidity of the "wire-cutters"—soldiers who are equipped with instruments adapted to cut the barbed-wire fences which abound in Cuba.

Many companies and regiments were inextricably mixed up in the advance through the death-swept woods on the San Juan River, and it often happened that when a company commander called for a wire-cutter to come forward, he did not know who the soldier was that answered him, and there was neither time nor opportunity to find out.

This wire-cutter worked almost always at the imminent risk of his life. The barbed-wire fence was well calculated to delay the advance of a powerful force. Sometimes the fence was a fortification; sometimes it was merely the accidental boundary of an old field or an estate. In either case, the wires were looped loosely from the posts so that, as a rule, no axe or machete could separate them by a blow at the post. They were in a drooping tangle which no two hands could separate to enable a man's body to pass through, and the wires were invariably so high that no one could vault over them.

These defences always compelled a halt. Commonly, nothing served to open the way except the heavy shear-like implements known as wire-cutters, with which a wise provision had furnished every regiment of the American regular army. The man who carried these wire-cutters had a more important office than the color-sergeant, for the colors are seldom carried into battle. If he were disabled and left his wire-cutters behind him, his company might be detained for a long time at the cost of many lives.

A terrible instance of the effectiveness of this defence occurred in the open field at the base of the San Juan hill, before Santiago. Here a barbed fence forced whole regiments to halt in the face of a withering fire of Spanish musketry.

In the fire-swept zone of the Mauser or Krag-Jorgensen rifle, it is no cowardice for soldiers to lie down, or, when an advance is to be made, to run in a crouching position. Indeed, the men are commanded to do so, and often rebuked by their comrades when they stand too erect. Nearly all the men who marched through the belt of woods and the open meadow that lay in front of the Spanish position on the San Juan ridge, had lain on the ground and advanced by a series of these crouching rushes, until they were very much mixed up.

Battalions and companies became intermingled, for it is impossible to keep prostrate or crouching regiments in even lines, and re-enforcements were pushing up speedily from the rear. It was not from demoralization that the troops were mixed up, but from the very rapidity of their advance, and because the regiments were kept too close together to enable them to move in extended order without becoming intermingled.

When the foremost officers came out from the San Juan woods upon the broad meadow which lies at the foot of the winding ridge where the Spanish were entrenched, they found themselves in a hotter fire than ever of bullets and bursting shells. The order was to charge the hill.

The meadow grass was tall and thick, and here and there were little clumps of thorny bushes; but these were nothing to a high barbed-wire fence, which stretched right across the flat.

When the disordered soldiers reached this fence they had to pause. Then they dropped like pins bowled over by a ball. The Spaniards had the range of the entanglement perfectly. Our men were under a trebly severe fire. It was enough to put brave soldiers to rout, but not one single American company was routed.

"Forward the wire-cutters! Right here with the wire-cutters!" shouted the company commanders. So many officers had already fallen that captains were commanding battalions, and lieutenants—often second lieutenants, and sometimes boys hastily graduated from West Point in May last—were commanding companies. Detached squads of men were there, pressing forward without an officer to lead them.

Then the soldiers with the wire-cutters had an opportunity. Under the terrible fire, with their comrades lying or crouching behind them, they stepped forward, and with steady hands and strong wrists cut the loose strands of wire one by one, snatched them to one side, and made a breach in the fence.

So many instances of this cool bravery on the part of men were told to me after the fight that they blend themselves in my mind in one scene. Captain Charles Byrne, of the Sixth, however, told me a story which differed from the rest.

When he came to the wire fence with his company, which was one of the very first to get across the meadow, he found no breach—and the man with the wire-cutters had disappeared; but Providence seemed to have provided a means of getting through.

In the woods the company had been joined by a big Cuban with a machete and gun. The Cuban was rushing bravely on, firing and leading the way. Few Americans could tell from which direction the Spanish fire came. Bullets and shells seemed to come from all directions. General officers were doubtful which way to turn. This Cuban knew better than any American in what direction the Spanish position lay. It was by his help that Captain Byrne's company was among the first to clear the woods, and so advance toward the Spanish blockhouse.

But the barbed-wire fence barred the way. Could the Cuban cut it with his machete? It seemed impossible to sever loose wire which would sag beneath a blow.

But this Cuban had cut barbed wire before. Coolly picking out the straightest post that was near, he stood beside it, lifted his machete high above his head, and struck downward with all his might close against the post. One wire was severed, then the next, in the same cool way. The Cuban did not allow himself to hurry nor to get excited. If one of his blows had failed for want of a steady hand and a sudden, swift stroke, he might have been unable to open a breach; but no blow failed. He drew the severed wires away and opened a length.

Then Captain Byrne ordered his company through the breach in column of twos, and put them at double-quick, and led them clambering to the very top of the hill. All the way the big Cuban went with him. The captain noticed him at the very summit; then he saw him no more.

Neither the captain nor any one else in his company nor in the whole American army ever knew who this brave Cuban was, nor how he came to be fighting among American troops, nor where he went when the charge was over; but all who saw him knew that he had performed a service of great value, all for the love of his country, and without the hope or prospect of reward, distinction or commendation.
—Youth's Companion.

A Kleptomaniac.

During a street blockade one time, a load of oats was stalled by a large express wagon. Behind the oats was a "lean and hungry Cassius" sort of a horse acting as motor to an ash wagon. The animal's most noticeable parts were his ribs. They seemed waiting to burst through the skin in a way menacing to anatomical beauty. His nostrils were more prominent than his ears on this particular occasion, and as he knew oats when he smelled them, so also did he know to avail himself of an exceptional change. Craning his neck toward one of the bulging sacks, he untied the string with his teeth. The life-sustaining provender flowed out and down the maw of the ingenious and half-famished beast. The kleptomaniacal equine indulged until he was satisfied, quietly and joyously, when the blockade was straightened out and all moved on, one, at least, made better and happier by the incident.

Where American Hogs Are Welcome.

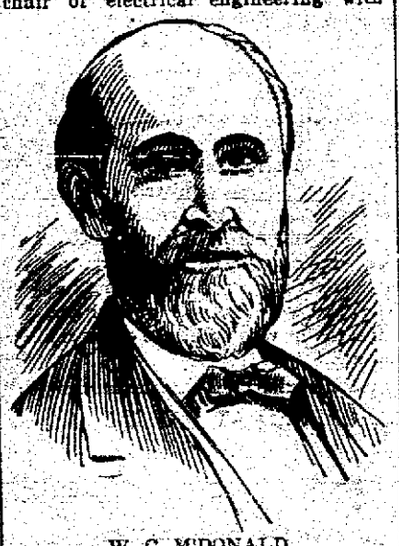
In reply to an inquiry from Nebraska Consul-General Gowdy, of Paris, sends information regarding the importation of live hogs from the United States into France. There are no prohibitory laws in respect to the importation of hogs, but that of cows or steers from the United States is absolutely prohibited. Hogs upon arrival are examined by an official veterinary surgeon. If contagious disease is detected the animal is killed and its fellows put under strict surveillance. The expense of landing hogs at Havre is 19.8 cents per head. In addition a charge of $1.85 per day is made on each animal for the use of cattle pens. Duty on hogs is 2.1 cents per pound.

IS A LIBERAL GIVER.

IMMENSE GIFTS OF CANADIAN MILLIONAIRE.

W. C. McDonald Who Has Given More Than Two Million Dollars to an Educational Institution, About to Be Knighted by the British Queen.

Rumor has it that Mr. William C. McDonald, the millionaire tobacco manufacturer, of Montreal, and the giver of huge sums to McGill University, is to be Knighted in recognition of his munificent contributions to the cause of education. Mr. McDonald is the youngest son of the late Hon. Donald McDonald, sometime president of the Legislative Council of Prince Edward Island, and grandson of Captain John McDonald, eighth chief of the Clan Macdonald of Glenaladale, who founded the Scottish settlements at Tracadie, Scotchfort, Glenfinnan and Fort Augustus in Prince Edward Island, and served during the American revolutionary war as a captain in the Eighty-fourth, or Royal Highland Emigrant regiment. Mr. McDonald was born at Glenaladale, Tracadie P. E. I., and was educated at the Central Academy, Charlottetown. In 1854 he went to Montreal and became an importer and general commission merchant. Subsequently he embarked in business as a tobacco merchant and manufacturer, and now owns extensive works in Montreal. He is a vice-president of the Montreal branch of the St. John Ambulance Association, and honorary member of the Architects' Association, Quebec. Mr. McDonald is widely known for his gifts to McGill. These consist of $20,000 to the Thomas Workman endowment for mechanical engineering; the erection of the W. C. McDonald engineering building, valued, with its equipment, at $350,000; the endowment of the chair of electrical engineering with



W. C. M'DONALD.

the sum of $40,000; the erection and equipment of the physics building, valued at $300,000, and two chairs of physics, with endowments amounting to $90,000; the endowment of the Faculty of Law with $150,000; a further sum of $150,000 for the maintenace of the engineering building; $50,000 for the endowment of the pension fund; the erection of a new building for the department of chemistry, mining and architecture, at a cost of $500,000; an observatory site, $70,000; and other endowments bringing his total contributions up to the magnificent amount of $2,300,000. Mr. McDonald is unmarried.

THE BERNINI CROMWELL.

The Leisure Hour gives a picture of the new-discovered bust of Cromwell by Bernini, which has recently been presented to the British House of Commons by Mr. Charles Wertheimer, who purchased it for £1,400. Cromwell's personal appearance, which has hitherto been known only through the portraits of the painters, is by this bust set in a new light. To quote the words of the writer, "The beautiful bust is in remarkable contrast to the sadness and the suggestion of coarseness which marks most of the painters' portraits. The main features of the lion face are there, but the added look of refinement and alertness which Bernini has seized is nothing less than startling. Instead of the heavy eyelids and the look of depression, the eyes are large, open and inquiring,

NEW BUST OF CROMWELL.

with a singularly modern wistfulness and humanity. The whole aspect of the countenance is keen, bright and genial."

Steel Rails.

Steel rails now figure as the cheapest finished product in wrought iron or steel. A good lesson in the finance of modern industry is also afforded by them. To establish a steel rail works an expenditure of $3,000,000 is required before a single rail can be turned out. The steel is made to conform to an accurate chemical composition—the most accurate in the ordinary range of technical operations.

WINNER OWNS PHOTOGRAPH.

One of the queerest lawsuits ever placed on record is now being tried in New Haven, Conn. To recover a photograph of herself Miss Gertrude Mills is suing her aunt for its possession, the aunt claiming in her turn that it was freely given her and therefore remains her property. To this statement Miss Mills has another word to say. "I want it distinctly stated that I never gave her this picture and she had no business with it. The suit I have begun is a replevin suit and damages are placed at $5. The picture is worth possibly 50 cents. I have several times asked my aunt to give me the picture and she has as often refused. Now I propose to see if the law will not protect my interests and give me this photograph."

MISS GERTRUDE MILLS.

Miss Mills is a bright, prepossessing young woman of 19 or 20 years of age. Her father, James Mills, is proprietor of a restaurant at 112 State street and her aunt runs a rival restaurant across the street. This is one of the oddest suits ever brought before a Connecticut short. Both sides have hired counsel and propose to fight the case to the bitter end. The trial will come up some time this week before Justice A. C. McMathewson. Back of the suit is a long story of family disagreements. Several times there have been suits for slander entered by the parties to this case, none of which has ever come to trial.

A WOMAN WILL HOLD REINS.

The many visitors to Colorado Springs who have enjoyed the delightful experience of riding through the beautiful vicinity on the top of the coach driven and owned by Mrs. G. P. Greenfield, will doubtless be charmed to repeat the pleasurable excitement in Paris. One of the American attractions of the Paris exposition of 1900 will be Mrs. G. P. Greenfield's driving of a genuine old-fashioned six-in-hand stage coach about the grounds of the exposition. Her reputation for skill as a manipulator of the reins has brought her this contract, which will net her $5,000 for the season's work. It is expected that there will be a tremendous rush to the exposition by residents of the United States, and particularly from the states east of the Mississippi river. The people of this section have read and been told all their lives of the thrilling adventures which fell to the pioneers who went west in '49s and

MRS. G. P. GREENFIELD.

covered the vast expanse of territory between the father of waters and the Rockies in a six-in-hand. They have dreamed of the experience, and have longed to realize it, but the stage lines of the country are becoming few, while in other countries the thrilling experience of a ride behind six sturdy beasts of the plain is still more difficult to obtain.

Not a Safe Swimming Pool.

An English officer whose ship was stationed off the coast of Ceylon went for a day's shooting along the coast, accompanied by a native attendant well acquainted with the country. Coming to a particularly inviting river, the officer resolved to have a bath, and asked the native to show him a place where there were no alligators. The native took him to a pool close to the estuary. The officer thoroughly enjoyed his dip, and while drying himself he asked his guide why there were never any alligators in that pool. "Because, sar," promptly replied the Cingalese, "they plenty 'fraid of shark.'"

Splendid Piano for the Czarina.

Czar Alexander sent to Stuttgart for a suitable present for the empress on the occasion of her recent birthday celebration. He selected an ornate upright piano for her boudoir. The case is in the richest Louis XVI. style, and the front board is jeweled with brilliant gems. The black keys are made of real ebony and the white ones are covered with mother of pearl. German experts say it is the most costly and exquisite instrument of its kind ever made.

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69 PUBLIC SQUARE

MANSFIELD, O., Feb. 9th, 1898.
LINCOLN MEDICINE CO., Columbus, O.:
Gentlemen:—In answer to your inquiry of the 7th, I would say the preparations give good satisfaction, and I believe will sell better when the public become more acquainted with them.
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Practical Apothecary.
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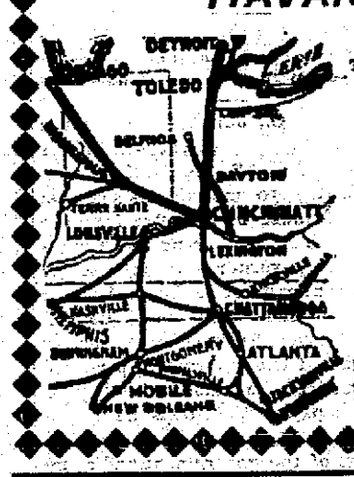

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QUITE OUT OF ORDER.

"Yes, you had certainly better send Bobbie to school," wrote the major from Umballa. "I am sure from your accounts he is getting more than you can manage. It would be different if I were at home, but, unfortunately, I have another year here at least. So look out a good school forthwith, Betty (mind it is a good one—we must pay for it somehow), and get the boy off.

"My best love to you, darling, and kisses to all our pets. Your loving husband, —James Travers."

The Indian mail had just come in to Dovebrook, the small village where Betty Travers had ensconsed herself and family for the term of her husband's absence, and she now stood at the parlor window, in a glare of warm March sunshine, reading the thin, precious sheets, and sometimes puzzling a little over the major's rather illegible caligraphy.

The last sentence was plain enough, however, and in her joy at getting her letter Betty was quite willing to carry out its injunctions.

"Yes, Jim is right," she said decidedly. "Bobbie does take advantage of me, and he really is very tiresome; besides, I believe, I firmly believe," a little doubtfully, "the child would be happier at school with little companions. He shall go."

The sound of a sixpenny trumpet blown by the unconscious seven-year-old son in discordant blasts put the finishing touch to his fate. It was excruciating, and, being followed by lusty crying from the nursery, indicated that it had awakened baby from his precious morning sleep. That meant Betty must take charge of him and his two older sisters while nurse got on with her work. There never was such a child for mischief, thought the mother, and at that moment cook appeared with a tale of further misdemeanors. Master Bobbie had taken her clean tea cloths to wash out his rabbit hutch and walked off with the milk she had put aside for the nursery pudding to regale his white mice.

"School! I should think so," cried Betty to herself quite savagely and she ran upstairs to the nursery. "We have had his reign of terror long enough." Betty was nothing, if not impetuous. She wrote off by the next post for the prospectus of a school she had had at one time recommended to her, and lost no time in acquainting the culprit with the same.

Bobbie, the rosy-cheeked, curly-headed little rascal, received the intelligence with apparent unconcern, though his little face fell as his mother proceeded to dilate on the order and discipline he must expect at school. "You will have to be a good boy there, Bobbie," she said.

"Shan't," replied Bobbie stoutly.

"I wish I could go to school," said Ethel, his next sister, a pattern little girl who never tore her pinafore or neglected to put away her toys.

"Oh, you; there is no need for you to go," retorted Betty half contemptuously. Goodness is apt to be monotonous and in spite of all his faults, or more probably for that very reason, Bobbie was her favorite.

Clare House school offered so many advantages and inducements that one felt almost inclined to pity those unfortunate children who could not be sheltered under its roof. Betty went on a visit of inspection, saw the principal and his sister, was shown over the house and refreshed with afternoon tea. All appeared most satisfactory, and in deciding then and there that her son should become a pupil of the establishment Betty felt she was acting in a prompt and impartial manner, as benefited a soldier's wife.

When she got out of the train at Dovebrook station she encountered a lady friend. "I have just been to Calmford to see about a school for Bobbie," she said with the tired, contented sigh of a woman who returns from a successful shopping expedition.

"Oh, indeed, is Bobbie going to school?"

"Yes, I have decided to send him; he is getting too much for me," continued Mrs Travers, with the anxiety of a doubtful mind to have its decision indorsed.

"Poor little fellow," was the unexpected reply. "He is going to be sent away from home early."

Betty pursued her way home less exultingly. "It is all settled, Bobbie," she said, as the little man ran to meet her. "You are going away to school next week!"

The sunshine died out of Bobbie's face. "Who will feed my rabbits?" he asked. "Oh—well—perhaps I will."

Bobbie looked doubtful. Already he had learned the amount of reliance to be placed on feminine promises.

"But the white mice, mother?" he added anxiously. "You don't like them 'cause of their tails."

"No, I don't like their tails," said Betty with a shudder, "but we will see."

"And they have to be cleaned out, mother, and the rabbits, too."

"Never mind your pets now, Bobbie. Let me tell you all about your nice school."

For the next few days Bobbie felt the importance of the change in his prospects, and confided it to all with whom he came in contact. The butcher said there was nothing like a good edication. The newspaper boy, to whom Bobbie further enumerated the details of his new outfit, observed rather disrespectfully, 'My eye! you will be a toff," and the hairdresser, who gave his curly locks an extra clipping, uttered the mendacious statement that he wished he was going to school.

But when it came to the eve of the eventful day Bobbie went about looking unusually sober. He surveyed mournfully, with his hands in his pockets, the tunnel in his garden which was to have communicated with the water-butt and effected elaborate irrigation works for the benefit of his marigolds, radishes and "love-lies-bleeding."

He inspected his slug-trap sadly, no longer would it be his to catch slugs at ninepence a dozen, they would devastate the garden in his absence.

Trusty, the old fox-terrier, stood at his little master's heels in a dejected attitude—he seemed to sniff parting in the air.

So subdued was Bobbie when it came to tea time that his mother had to draw on her imagination to paint the charms of Clare House. By the time she had finished it would have appeared to a disinterested hearer that home was nowhere in comparison. But Bobbie listened sadly, evidently taking the majority of the statements cum grano salis.

Betty tucked him up that night with a pang at her heart. However naughty he might have been during the day, Bobbie, like all children, looked simply cherubic when asleep.

"Who would imagine to look at him now that Bobbie could ever be tiresome," thought Betty, arranging the tossed bedclothes over his rounded limbs. "Our little chap!" she murmured, stooping to kiss his fair flushed cheek.

It was all bustle and confusion next day till the time of starting. Bobbie bore up like a man, he kissed his sisters and the baby with no sign of emotion, but returned from bidding farewell to his pets and Trusty with suspiciously red eyes.

Betty had had difficulty to swallow any lunch herself, because of a tiresome lump that would keep coming into her throat.

She was glad when the first wrench of parting was over and they entered Dovebrook Station. Here she encountered the vicar's wife.

"Oh! so your little boy is going to a boarding school," she said. "I heard something about it in the village. I dare say you are right, Mrs. Travers, but I always think the home influence, you know"——

"It must be pure cussedness on her part," muttered Betty, flying to get the ticket.

Clare House school stood up, large white and formidable, when they reached Calmford.

"I don't see no garden," said Bobbie, looking disappointed.

"No, but there is a nice playground," replied his mother, thinking rather drearily of the walled-in, gravelled inclosure, with its swing and gymnastic appliances, "and a cricket field. But, oh, Bobbie, you must try and talk better."

"How better?" asked Bobbie, looking mystified.

School had commenced that day, and as they mounted the front steps they caught sight of several boys bending over their desks in a room in the basement. Betty thought they looked rather forlorn, but then basement regions always have a depressing appearance.

They were ushered into the drawing-room. Miss Bligh, a tall, thin woman, received them with chill graciousness, and her brother, the principal, patted Bobbie on the head and asked him his name. It was one of Bobbie's failings to be shy with strangers, and instead of answering and looking up brightly, he stuck his chin in his neck and said nothing.

Betty feared he would make a bad impression, and murmured apologetically something about her little boy seldom seeing people.

"Shy, eh?" said the master, and though he smiled Betty fancied there was a look in his eyes as if he could be pretty severe sometimes. "We will soon cure him of that. We will make a man of him, eh, my boy?"

Bobbie shrank closer to his mother and got hold of a fold of her gown in his chubby fingers.

"I am afraid he is rather a spoiled little man," remarked Miss Bligh, icily.

Betty smiled nervously.

"You see, his father is away," she said, glancing half appealingly from one to the other. But she met no response to reassure her.

"I see," said Mrs. Bligh. "It is quite time he came away from home, Mrs. Travers."

"Perhaps he had better be shown his quarters," said his sister, and she led the way upstairs.

"This is where he will sleep," throwing open the door of a large long room with rows of small beds like a hospital, and bare, barrack like windows, "and here is his bed."

Bobbie gave a quick, frightened glance, and his grasp tightened.

"Come you don't want to get into mothers pocket, do you?" laughed Miss Bligh. "Excuse me a moment. I will see if they know where to put his box."

When she had left the room Bobbie looked around ruefully. Then he said, in a timid whisper. "Mother, who will tuck me up at night?"

"Oh, I don't know—perhaps Miss Bligh," replied his mother thinking of the contrast he would find between the chill touch of Miss Bligh's virginal fingers and her own motherly caress.

"When will the holidays come, mother?" he asked in a tight little voice.

"Oh, before long," answered Betty, remorsefully, conscious of being a "lying prophet."

"What's that? Asking about holidays?" exclaimed the sharp, metallic voice of Miss Bligh at the door. "Why we're only just beginning work. It is idle boys who want holidays directly."

"It is all new to him," faltered Betty.

"Well, Mrs. Traverse, the little ones are going to have a game in the playground. Suppose I take Robert to join them while you have a cup of tea before you leave. I think you said you must catch the 5 20 train?"

"Oh, mother don't go yet," whispered Bobbie, his eyes getting moist.

"Not just yet darling. You go with Miss Bligh and have a nice game," said Betty disengaging the child's clinging fingers. "I won't go without saying good bye to you."

But Bobbie refused to go unless his mother went with him, and so having landed him in the midst of a number of little fellows about his own age or rather older, Betty was escorted back to the drawing room.

She felt as if her tea would choke her and answered Miss Bligh's remarks on the Eastern question utterly at random. Her heart was with the pathetic little figure in the playground looking on at the games in the condition likened by King Solomon to vinegar upon nitre.

"I mustn't let you lose your train, Mrs. Travers," said Miss Bligh presently. "The time" glancing at the clock, "is getting on. I will see where my brother has got to, you would like to speak to him again, I expect."

Betty acquiesced. Left alone in the handsomely furnished drawing room she felt ready to cry. "I hope I have done right," she murmured to herself.

Just then her eye fell on a large Bible on a table at her elbow. She recalled the old-fashioned method of finding a text to settle a difficulty and with the hope of lighting upon some words to comfort her she opened it at Job as it happened, and saw these lines:

"She is hardened against her young ones as though they were not hers."

She shut it again speedily, with a flush of dismay as the principal and his sister returned leading Bobbie by the hand.

"Here is the little man come to say good-bye to his mother," said Mr Bligh cheerfully.

"Oh, I can't go," thought Betty. Bobbie was pale and his lips quivered pitifully; he looked the picture of despair.

A sudden thought struck Betty—a lengthening by a few moments of the precious time.

"Mr Bligh, may Bobbie—I ask it as a great favor—may he come to the station with me?"

"Oh, I think"——began Miss Bligh in a deterrent tone.

The principal looked annoyed. "It is quite out of order, Mrs Travers," he replied, "but I suppose I must say yes."

"Who is to bring him back?" asked his sister in the manner of one proposing an insurmountable difficulty.

"Oh, well, perhaps you would accompany Mrs. Travers, Helen," was the reply.

"Very well. I shall overtake you directly, Mrs Travers. You go on with the boy."

Betty needed no second bidding, and she and her little son left the house together.

They had scarcely reached the station before the unwelcome figure of Miss Bligh appeared pursuing them along the platform.

"Mother, you won't forget to feed my rabbits and white mice, will you?" asked Bobbie, still holding tight to his mother's hand.

"No, oh no, darling. Stand back, here comes the train." Betty spoke in gasps, her lips were dry, her face white and drawn.

The train dashed in, there was a loud throbbing and hissing of steam from the engine and a banging of opening and shutting doors.

Betty thought with dread of her desolate return journey—of home without Bobbie for thirteen dreary weeks.

"Are you going on by this train, ma'am?" asked a guard.

"Yes, yes," answered Betty. A wild idea had just seized her. Close by Miss Bligh was standing all ready to take possession of her brother's new pupil.

"I have nothing to read," cried Betty. "Miss Bligh, would you mind getting me a paper or a magazine—The Graphic or Illustrated?"

"I doubt if there is time, but I will try. Come, Bobbie."

"No, let him stay here," said Betty, feverishly. There was a look in her eyes as of a hunted animal.

Miss Bligh hurried away, nearly knocking over a porter in her haste.

The man, recovering himself, came up to where Betty was, holding the child's hand in a grasp of iron.

"This young gentleman going, ma'am?" he asked, his hand on the carriage door.

Betty was watching Miss Bligh's retreating figure. She had reached the book stall, in a moment she would be back.

"Yes," she said in a desperate voice. "Lift him in, please."

"But, mother, are I going?" asked the little man, astonished, the tears which had gathered stopping short.

Betty breathed hard, she held the door handle firmly.

Miss Bligh had snatched the Graphic and was flying back along the platform.

"Don't let her get me, mother!" cried Bobbie, "please don't let her!"

The guard shouted "All right!" and the train began to move. Stay! Was it going to stop again?

Miss Bligh was waving wildly, but Betty put her head out of the window.

"It's all right!" she shouted. "I have changed my mind. Bobbie is going back with me."

She just saw Miss Bligh's face of thunder and surprise, and the platform receded from view. They were fairly off.

"My darling, my darling," cried Betty, clasping Bobbie to her heart. "I won't send you to school after all. Thank God, I have got you safe, safe, safe!" she sobbed.

"Mother, don't squeeze me so tight," gasped Bobbie.

A gentleman in the furthest corner glared at Betty as if he fancied she might be an escaped lunatic, and at the next stopping place he changed carriages.

* * * * * *

"No, my dear little wife, I am too far away from you to scold you," wrote the major a few weeks later, "but I think you allowed yourself to be governed by your feelings. However, as you say you are very strict with Bobbie now, I hope no harm is done. You must teach the boy to be obedient, and whatever you do—don't make a feather bed soldier of him."—Sunday Magazine.

THE RED CROSS NURSE.

The praises of the admirals are ringing everywhere,
The plaudits of the generals are ringing in the air,
The men who sailed to sink their lives within the Merrimac
(So dauntless they that even death was fearful to attack!)
The hard marines whose tactics knew no signal for retreat
In the rain of Mauser bullets and the drench of tropic heat,
The rough and ready riders in their resolute advance,
All make our daily records a continuous romance.
We cry them in our stories, we chant them in our verse,
But let us sing a stanza for the Red Cross army nurse.

She is in the foremost battle, she is in the rearmost tents,
She wears no weapon of attack, no armor of defense
She is braver than the bravest, she is truer than the true,
She asks not if the soldier struck for red and white and blue
She asks not if he fell beneath the yellow and the red,
She is mother to the wounded and sister to the dead
The victors cheers ring in her ears, but these she does not heed,
The victims' groans and dying moans are given as her meed,
And many a suffering hero chokes his blind and sullen curse
To smooth it to a blessing for the Red Cross army nurse

Work on, O, noble army, and the crown of crowns be yours,
Not always shall destruction be the glory which endures,
It is coming, it is coming, you are helping on the day
When we learn the nobler action is to succor not to slay,
It is coming, it is coming, you are helping on the day it along
When we know the feeblest nation is as potent as the strong,
It is coming, it is coming, you are bringing it to pass
When the ships have shed their armor and the fortresses are glass,
But in the stormy waiting till the armaments disperse
Our blessings on the flower of war—the Red Cross army nurse!

—J E V Cooke, in the Youth's Companion.

Sunday in Old London.

Sir Walter Besant in the Queen: Would you like to know how the people of London observed their Sunday 150 years ago. The churches were open, of course, and there were two services in every one, and in some there were three. Also the responsible and respectable citizen took his family to church, as a matter of course. And he was also critical as to the sermon, which was generally doctrinal. He made his apprentices go to church as well and demanded the text when they came home as a proof of attendance. Alas! the little knew that the boys were larking all the morning, and when the congregation came out stopped the old women and got the text from them. However, I am not at this moment concerned with the churchgoers, but with those who went elsewhere. And these formed the majority. The fields round the town were filled with companies of men called Rural societies, who rambled about all the morning and dined together at a tavern. The high constables went their rounds among the villages pretending to prevent the profanation of the day, but they were squared by the publicans. A good deal of commercial business was transacted on this day in the porch of St. Mary le-Bow, on the custom house quays, and in the Temple Piazza, after the Bishop of London had cleared the nave of St. Paul's. Informers went about threatening publicans, barbers and green grocers for carrying on trade on the Sunday morning unless they paid a little blackmail. A shilling was understood to meet the case. Barbers sent their apprentices on Sunday morning to shave the prisoners in the Fleet for nothing, so that they might get practice. Poor French people walked about Spittal fields and the fields of Seven Dials in search of dandelions to make salad. Children were baptized after afternoon service, and a supper was given afterward to celebrate the occasion. At this supper the nurse, it was allowed, could blamelessly get drunk. The beadles of churches were bribed by beggars to let them sit on the steps and ask charity of the congregation coming out. It was the best business of the week. The rails before the houses of gentlemen were crowded with beggars. Ladies on their way to church, or on their return from church, were followed by a footman carrying a long stick, or by a boy at least. He also carried the prayer books. When the ladies got home after church they did not disdain to slap their servants if dinner was delayed. The fields between the Tottenham Court road and the Foundling hospital were the resort of the sporting fraternity, who here assembled to enjoy the innocent diversions of duck hunting and cat hunting, with prize fighting, quarter taff wrestling and other sports.

The Manila Postoffice.

New Orleans Picayune: The most interesting thing connected with the acquisition of the Manila postoffice is the adoption by the federal government of the cheap labor facilities of the island, says the San Francisco Call. Six men were sent from the San Francisco postoffice to Manila, and this number was reinforced by fourteen men from Manila. Two of these latter are United States soldiers, who had enlisted from the postal service, and twelve are Spanish postal employes who are retained because of their knowledge of the Spanish language and the routine of the office. These Spaniards received before the American occupation the salary of $150 each per annum in Mexican silver, being equal to about $75 in American silver or gold coin. The office was closed every alternate day, and when working it was closed for two or three hours each day, beginning about noon. The total number employed was 200, but they took life easy, and did the work of about twenty Americans. The twelve Spaniards who are retained receive salaries ranging from $150 to $200 per annum in Mexican silver—such being the ruling rate of wages in the Philippines for that kind of service, but they have to work every day, instead of every alternate day, as heretofore.

KIPLING AT WORK.

THE AUTHOR-POET SEEN IN HIS DEN.

Dr Leon Kellner, the Historian, Accorded the Privilege of an Interview with the Celebrated Character—Distrustful of Himself.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's objection to being interviewed is known to all the world. But the rule which Mr. Kipling has lain down for himself with regard to the Anglo-Saxon world seems to be relaxed when due approaches are made by foreigners. Perhaps Mr. Kipling is of the well-known view that foreign opinion is a sort of contemporary posterity. At any rate, he has been interviewed by Dr. Leon Kellner, who is on a prolonged visit to England to collect materials for his proposed "History," on which he has been engaged for the last ten years. Dr Kellner naturally desired to learn something about the most prominent figure in English literature at the end of the era—his aims, his method of work, and the factors which have gone to create so remarkable a phenomenon—and with Teutonic directness he applied to the distinguished author himself. The result was an interview which appeared recently as a feuilleton in a Viennese journal—the "Neues Wiener Tagblatt"—doubtless with Mr. Kipling's permission.

What appears to have struck Dr. Kellner most in the personality of his subject was the air of happiness which surrounded him.

"All that fate—Kipling would call it 'the good God'—has to bestow of real worth has been granted to this wonderful child of fortune; love, domesticity, independence, fame, and power, in the vigor of youth (he is only 32) and sound health, and, above all, the capacity of enjoying his good fortune.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

He has known how by wise economy to obtain full independence; he has for many years been placed in such a position that he can withstand all the temptations of publishers and editors, and in his creative work need only respond to the inner call and his literary conscience. Literary creation is, for him, the highest joy, and the calling of a writer the noblest pursuit. Nor is that all; Kipling has the happiest fortune which can happen to a man when he has attained the highest aims, his father and mother are still alive, and he can and does say with proudest modesty, "All that I am I owe to them." Kipling's father was an artist, holding an official position in India, and lives now in retirement in the neighborhood of his son, for with such a globe-trotter, Wiltshire is regarded as quite near Sussex. Happy father and happy son! Of his mother he naturally does not speak to strangers, but it is sufficient to hear a man say 'my mother,' to understand the relations that exist between them."

The impression of this happiness was so strong upon Dr. Kellner that after his interview he said to himself. "Today I have seen happiness face to face."

The first impression produced by Mr. Kipling on the interviewer was striking in its diversity. "Whenever Mr. Kipling speaks and turns his face full upon you you would think you had before you a very wide awake, lively and harmless child, but the profile shows a strong man who has not grown up in the atmosphere of the study. "I have seldom," adds the interviewer, "received two such different impressions from one and the same fact. The work room is of surprising simplicity, the north wall is covered with books, half its height over the door hangs a portrait of Burne-Jones (Mr. Kipling's uncle), to the right, near the window, stands a plain table—not a writing table—on which lie a couple of pages containing verses. No works of art, no conveniences, no knick-knacks, the unadorned room, simple and earnest, like a Puritan chapel."

"I much fear," began the interviewer, "that I have come too early, and that I have disturbed you in your work." "No, no," interrupted Kipling, "I have done my daily task."

I looked astonished at him. The late lamented Trollope came to my mind, who under all circumstances wrote his twenty pages every day, but Trollope and Kipling! He guessed at once what had astonished me. "I do my daily task conscientiously, but not all that I write is printed; most of it goes there." The waste paper basket under the table here received a vigorous kick and a mass of torn-up papers rolled out on the ground. Kipling's movements are quick and lively, and, perhaps, somewhat nervous; a thoroughly southern temperament.

Distrustful as he is about himself, he is without bounds in his recognition of others. He admires Stevenson warmly, delights in Henley's poetry. He expressed himself in high praise of the latest work of Leonard Merrick, "The Actor-Manager." He interests himself in all the literary work of the day, and is at home in all the chief movements and side currents in the spiritual life of England. When discussing the "Literary History of England," which Dr. Kellner has in hand, Mr. Kipling said:

"If I had your book to write I would attempt in a final chapter to discover the path which may lead from the present chaotic condition of our literature and that of the twentieth century. I would call the chapter "Between the Epochs." I feel that we are between ebb and flood. It is now just what sailors call 'slack tide;' we are waiting for the great personality which will unite all the minor tendencies of the time and collect all the partial and petty forces into one power that will give a new and adequate expression to the new time."

STATUE OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

Paul W Bartlett's statue of Michael Angelo, which, when complete, will occupy a place in the second story of the great rotunda in the congressional library at Washington, will be one of the most remarkable works of art in that collection, because the artist has refrained from idealizing his subject and has portrayed him in keeping with the descriptions of the great sculptor which have come to the present generation. He is represented as contemplating one of his works. The position of the head makes some people who have seen the model think that the completed work will have to be viewed from its own level to be seen at its best, and that it will be less effective from the main floor of the rotunda, from which point it will receive the most attention.

Columbus, O., March 24, 1898.
Lincoln Medicine Co., Columbus, O.:
Gentlemen:—I have suffered with Catarrh since 1880 and have expended over $100 for different remedies. I have taken offensive scabs from my nose an inch in length, and half the size of my finger. I have used one-half jar of Lincoln's Catarrh Balm and one bottle of Lincoln's Constitutional Catarrh Cure. I can now ... nose have disappeared and I feel better than I have for years. I have received more benefit from Lincoln's Constitutional Catarrh Cure and Lincoln's Catarrh Balm, than from all other medicines combined.
C. F. SCHUMACHER,
219 Neal Avenue, Columbus.
For sale at Vortkamp's, Melville's and Ashton's drug stores. tf

NO GAS. NO PAIN.
Teeth extracted without pain. Vitalized Air or Gas given if desired.
DR. McINDOE,
Cincinnati Block. Both 'Phones.

Dr. A. W. Kahle, West Spring St. Bell 'Phone 148, Lima 'Phone 188.
Dr. R. D. Kahle, West North St. Lima 'Phone 8.
DRS. KAHLE & KAHLE,
Harper Block, cor. Main and North Streets, Lima Telephone 101. Lima, Ohio.

W. A. SMITH,
Slate and Tin and Steel Roofing.
Asphalt gravel roofing. All kinds of spouting and tin work promptly attended to. Corrugated iron roofing a specialty.
200 South Main St. New Phone 200

PHILLIP ALBERT,
Ladies' Hair Dressing, Shampooing and Manicuring room. Face steaming and massaging a specialty.
Room 9 Holmes Block, N. Main St.
He does all kinds of fine hair work and invites all to call and see him. Chiropodist specialist. Special attention given to the treatment of the scalp and and hair.
Switches, $1.00 up. Wave and Bangs $1.00 up.

What's the Matter With KANSAS.
Kansas Owns (in round numbers) 900,000 horses and mules, 550,000 milch cows, 2,000,000 other cattle, 2,400,000 swine and 300,000 sheep.
Its Farm Products this year include 150,000,000 bushels of corn, 60,000,000 bushels of wheat and millions upon millions of dollars in value of other grains, fruits, vegetables, etc.
In debts alone it has a shortage.
Send for free copy of "What's the Matter with Kansas?"—a new book of 96 pages of facts.
General Passenger office,
The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway,
Chicago.

CHIROPODIST.
Facial Massage, Scalp Treatment
Manicuring.
Ingrowing toe nails cured, corns and bunions removed without pain. All work guaranteed. Prices reasonable. Will call at residence if desired.
Office hours from 8 until 6.
North West corner of Spring and Elizabeth Streets.

TODD BROTHER'S
NEW MACHINE SHOPS.
We do a general line of repairing of all kinds. Pipe cutting a specialty. We have the only machine in Lima that can cut pipe from 3½ to 8 inches. Prices reasonable. Work satisfactory. When you want anything in our line give us a call
119 S. CENTRAL AVENUE.

Steam and Hot Water Heating.
Ploming and gas fitting, Sinks, cistern pumps, lawn hose, hose reels and hose nozzles. Also agent for the Cleveland beer pumps and all beer pump supplies. Incandescent gas lamps 75c, complete.
J. M. McVEY,
119 E Hight Street.

Wealth and Beauty.
A lovely Complexion, Rosy Cheeks, Bright Eyes, Perfect Form, by using Lincoln's Life Wine, a Vegetable Compound. A Uterine Tonic for Female Weakness, strengthens the ligaments so that the organs are kept in place. It gives quick relief and cures all weakness and diseases of those delicate organs, it fits women for the highest duties of her sex—wifehood and motherhood and costs only $1 per bottle. For sale by Vortkamp, Melville and Ashton.

RHEUMATIC! A Guaranteed Cure for Rheumatism for sale by Hover's and J. N. Cunningham.

The Point. To always bear in mind is that no business ever was successful without proper publicity. Place an ad in these columns and watch your business grow. Others have done so with profit. Try it.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

THE LIMA NEWS

PUBLISHED EVERY AFTERNOON

(EXCEPT SUNDAY)

E. W. JACKSON, President.

J. R. FINNELL, Managing Editor.

No. 316 North Main Street

Entered at the Postoffice at Lima, Ohio, as second-class matter.

ANOTHER pianist has aroused the women of New York, both with his technique and hair.

MR. SHARKEY is going on the stage. We hardly thought that of him. We thought he was a fighter without dramatic aspirations.

THERE have been some disastrous railroad collisions lately. That experiment on a single track will fail, and fail, and it costs a few lives every time it is made.

A CORRESPONDENT of an Eastern paper says he was afflicted at one time, or rather several times, with grip or influenza, but since he had kept his feet dry he had escaped the affliction. Hence his recipe, keep your feet dry. But another comes along and says he had the blamed thing five years in succession, and he has two wooden legs. And, there you [illegible] take your choice.

BIG RUSH

Made to Pay Taxes at the Delinquent Sale.

Treasurer's Office Crowded all Day Yesterday and Today by People Paying Back Taxes—All the News of the Court House.

The delinquent tax sale opened this morning, and a great number of people appreciated the fact and they showed it by paying their back taxes.

The treasurer's office was packed to the doors all day yesterday and today.

Taxes will be received the remainder of the week from those whose property does not happen to be sold early in the sale.

Treasurer Lutz and his efficient assistants have discarded their coats, rolled up their sleeves and are working like Trojans to transact the large amount of business, which is surpassingly large. The office of the treasurer is inadequate to hold the number of people and many are compelled to stand in the corridor to await their turn.

NOTES.

Attorney H. W. Stafford, of Springfield, was a Court House visitor to-day.

James Heath, of Lafayette, transacted business in the big building today.

Lawyer Bowman, of Springfield, was the guest of County Clerk Shappele to-day.

NEW SUITS.

George W. Coe and A. B. Coe vs R. C. Eastman, equitable relief.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Edwin Eicher, aged 22, of Bucyrus, and Lizzie Hughes, aged 17, of Lima.

PROBATE MATTERS.

Samuel Keith, guardian of C. B. Miller, insane, filed his first and final account.

F. P. Schobe, guardian of Margaret Miller, an imbecile, filed his second partial account.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Francis and S. L. Ashton, administrators, to Ohio National Bank, inlots 4455, 57, 58 and 4459 in Ashton's second addition, $558.

MR. LEW SHAW.

The Greatest Fancy Billiard Shot in the World in Lima.

Mr. Lew Shaw the champion fancy billiardist of the world, will give an exhibition of fancy billiard and pool shots at the Metropolitan billiard parlors Wednesday and Thursday evenings, Jan. 18 and 19 respectively.

Mr. Shaw is well known all over the world. He will play a well known local billiardist a game of three ball billiards 100 or no count. He will also play Mr. Bruno a match game of pool. Mr. Bruno is well known to lovers of pool in this city and the contest will, no doubt, be exciting.

ATTENTION K. OF P'S.

There will be work in the Esquire rank tomorrow night. The degree will be confirmed upon Messrs. Joe Furtscher, Oscar Young, A. Lugabill and Mr. Miller.

[illegible]

Has Telephone Companies to Damage or Destroy Trees.

The supreme court of the state has rendered a decision of much importance to property owners in this and [illegible] tric companies have chopped off limbs and greatly damaged trees, in front of premises, so they will not interfere with their wires.

The decision was an appeal by the Central Union Telephone company in the case of C. M. Carter, of Richland county, to whom the lower court gave a verdict of $1,200 damages for chopping shade trees in front of his residence, that the company might string their wires uninterruptedly. This is, in effect, a decision that property owners have property rights in the shade trees adjoining their residences, so long as they do not interfere with the ordinary demands of traffic.

Hams 8 1-2cts. at Watson's.

PARAGRAPHS

About Your Friends, Telling Where and Who They Are Visiting.—News in a Nutshell.

F. G. Borges was in Toledo yesterday. [illegible]

Newt Pangle was in Delphos yesterday.

James Henry has recovered from the grip.

Wm. Taubkins, of north Main street, is on the sick list.

Judge Richie and wife are home from a visit in the east.

Miss Frances Colvin who has been the guest of Toledo friends has returned home.

Hugh Patton, Jr. special policeman, was called to Delaware by the sickness of his father.

Mrs. Edward Boyle, who died at her home in Findlay, Saturday, was well known in this city.

Miss Bertha Clum, of Ada, is the guest of her uncle, Mr. Tobe Long of West High street.

Mrs. Alex Richmond, who has been visiting with her parents, went to Ada yesterday to visit her old home.

Mrs. F. A. Hume, Mrs. John Kerr, and Mrs. Guy Kendrick are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Roy Hume in Cincinnati.

J. P. Hall, the jeweler, has purchased the Williams property on east Wayne street, and will erect a cold storage building thereon.

Call it the grip and leave off the la. La means "the" anyhow. So don't say, "He has the la grippe." Stick to English. It beats French any day in the week.

E. M. Gooding, the shoe merchant, is home from Kansas City. He was there attending the funeral of his brother-in-law, Max Lappin, who formerly resided in this city.

Rev. A. C. Miller, D. D. and wife, of Plymouth, Ohio, are the guests of Rev. I. J. Miller. Dr. Miller will preach in Spring Street Lutheran church each night during the week. Communion services and reception of members next Sunday.

La Grippe is again epidemic. Every precaution should be taken to avoid it. Its specific cure is One Minute Cough Cure. A. J. Sheperd, Publisher Agricultural Journal and Advertiser, Elden, Mo., says: "No one will be disappointed in using one Minute Cough Cure for La Grippe." Pleasant to take, quick to act. H. F. Vortkamp, northeast corner Main and North streets.

Nice mild sweet Hams 8 1-2cts. at Watson's.

The foods we eat furnish energy for the body just as burning coal makes steam for an engine.

The experiments of Prof. Frankland, Ph. D., of London, shows that cod-liver oil yields two and one-half times more energy than starches or sweets.

Scott's Emulsion is pure cod-liver oil combined with hypophosphites of lime and soda. It forms fat, gives strength, enriches the blood, invigorates the nerves, and repairs tissues.

50c. and $1.00, all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

GIRL RENOUNCES WHITE RACE.

Ida Williams, of St. Louis, Declares That She Is a Negro at Heart.

Ida Williams, a tall, well-formed white girl, with a rather pretty face, has renounced the Caucasian race and married a negro doctor, Frank Williams, because she was displeased with [illegible] her by members of her own race. She was married in East St. Louis, Ill., by Rev. B. M. Campbell, a negro preacher.

The story came to light through the statement of Mrs. Annie Lane that Ida had been kidnapped by Williams. Investigation revealed that she had become tired of suffering among her own people and had accepted Williams as a husband because he administered to her wants and treated her with unusual kindness.

"I was an orphan," she said. "I was sick and in want. The only assistance I got was from Williams. My own people jeered at me when I asked them for help. So I became a martyr to my own resolve. I am a negro at heart, if not by birth, and want nothing more to do with my own race. My husband's skin is black, but his heart is white."

The couple live in humble apartments at 716 North Sixteenth street, St. Louis. The girl was born in England and is 19 years old.

LEGAL EQUALITY OF WIVES.

Maryland's New Law Giving Married Women Control of Their Property and Adding Responsibilities.

Maryland's married women are invested with additional rights under a new law which has just gone into effect. While it places a wife more upon an equality with her husband, it imposes upon her greater responsibilities. She is given absolute control over the disposition of her own property.

In the case of a married woman who is under 18 years of age, however, the husband has to approve of the deed to make it valid. A wife has the power to convey property by deed to her husband, and she is also given power to make contracts.

She can be sued separately; nor is her husband liable for any act committed by his wife, without his participation. If a wife, out of her husband's presence, utters slanderous words against another married woman, the woman slandered may sue the other, and the husbands are not responsible. The new law practically places husband and wife on an equal legal footing, except that one provision gives the husband dower rights in her real property.

HAD HIS COFFIN MADE.

Dr. James Ford Dies at Wabash, Ind. —Stays Abed Two Months, Although Not Sick.

Two months ago Dr. James Ford, the oldest resident of Wabash, Ind., and for many years a successful medical practitioner, took to his bed under conviction that he must die.

He was free from all disease, but declined to leave his bed when urged by relatives. He gradually became weaker, and the other day died of inanition.

Two years ago he went to a furniture factory and announced he wanted his coffin made. He was in fine health and his remark was received in jest. He insisted, however, that he desired to be buried in a casket which suited him. He was measured, and gave minute directions to the men assigned to the work. He selected some good oak, asked to be notified when the coffin was completed, and departed.

He subsequently complimented the work, paid the bill, and had the coffin placed in a corner of the wareroom to await the summons which came the other day, and his body now reposes therein.

TO HONOR LINCOLN'S MOTHER.

Funds for a Monument to Her Memory Being Collected from War Veterans.

Funds to go toward the erection of a monument to the memory of Abraham Lincoln's mother will be collected from veterans of the Second Iowa brigade by Gen. R. V. Ankeny, of Des Moines.

He has received a letter from Col. James S. Wright, of Rockport, Ind., on the staff of Brig. Gen. Veach, command- [illegible] to the [illegible] town.

The regiments which are contributing to the monument fund are the Fourteenth, Fifteenth and Sixteenth Illinois, and the Twenty-sixth and Fifty-third Indiana. Mrs. Lincoln's remains are in Rockport cemetery.

The Venerable Lady Carew.

Jane, Dowager Lady Carew, has just entered upon her one hundred and first year. She danced at the duchess of Richmond's ball at Brussels on the night before Waterloo. Two other ladies still living at an advanced age were present at the ball, Lady Louisa Tighe and her sister, Lady Sophia Cecil. The latter, a child of six, had been put to bed, but stole out in her nightgown and watched the ball from over the banisters. She was a daughter of the duchess.

Traveled a Lifetime in a Van.

Mrs. Ann Smith, of Worcester, England, 110 years of age, has spent over 100 years of her life in traveling from fair to fair in a van. She has had 16 children, and one of her daughters, now 80 years of age, has also had 16. Mrs. Smith eats four meals a day, drinks sparingly of intoxicants, smokes a clay pipe steadily, and attends to all her household duties herself.

Regulations for Persian Barbers.

Persian barbers are legally compelled to wash their hands after attending a customer and before waiting on another. They must use also only nickel-plated combs.

POLICEMAN PAINTED GREEN.

Servant Girl's Lover Shows Anger at Her Discharge in a Peculiar Way.

George Patterson loved a young woman named Berry, who worked for Dr. Eugene O. Bachman, of 312 West Thirty-fourth street, New York. She was discharged two months ago, but Patterson did not know it. He used to come every night and hang around outside the house, casting lover's glances at the windows. Finally he found out that his sweetheart had been discharged. He apparently kept away from the house thereafter, but his displeasure was made abundantly manifest.

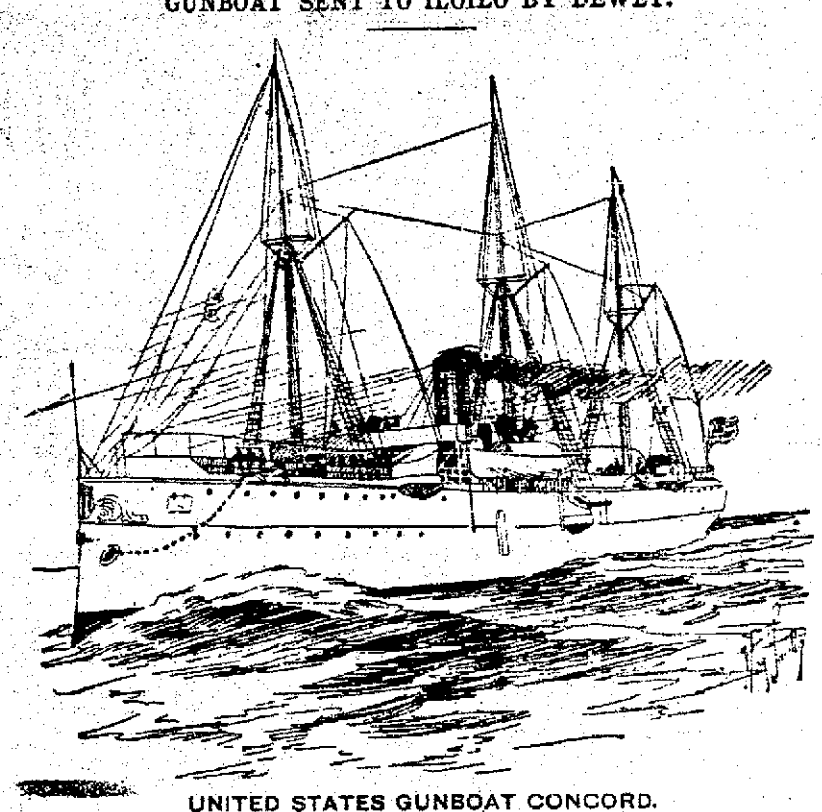
The doctor's steps and areaway began to look nearly every morning like a garbage dump. Decayed fruit and vegetables and dead cats were nightly deposited in the area. Occasionally the doctor would find a fresh coat of green paint on his basement windows.

Two weeks ago Policeman Gutnecht was detailed to watch the doctor's house, and the other night he saw a man coming along the street with a paint pot. He sneaked into the area of Dr. Bachman's house and began work on the basement windows. Gutnecht crept up on the man and caught him.

"You won't do any more painting," the officer cried.

"Oh, I don't know," Patterson answered, and, swinging the paint brush, which he still had in his hand, he brought it down on the officer's face. With that the fight began. When they got through the policeman was green and the man was red, but the policeman was not green enough to let his prisoner go, and took him to the station-house, where he was identified as Miss Berry's former suitor. He was locked up.

GUNBOAT SENT TO ILOILO BY DEWEY.



UNITED STATES GUNBOAT CONCORD.

Not to Be Expected.

Mrs. Spatts (nee Gotrox)—You're a perfect brute! I actually believe you married me simply because of my money.

Mr. Spatts—Well, my dear, you'd hardly expect a man to take such an important step without some reason. —Harlem Life.

No Details Needed.

Mrs. Blank—The paper tells of a postmaster who was appointed by John Quincy Adams, and has held the position ever since. Was he an unusually good man, do you think?

Mr. Blank (an experienced citizen)—Oh, not at all, not at all. It was an unusually poor office.—N. Y. Weekly.

Figuring It Out.

"Have you any idea how old Mrs. Wexford is?"

"Well, no, not exactly, but she must be pretty well down in the 20s yet. I heard Mrs. Bloxham say the other day that she didn't believe the lady was 'a day over 35.'"—Chicago Daily News.

WANTS

All notices inserted in this column must be paid for in advance. Twenty-five cents is charged for one insertion and 35c. for three insertions.

WANTED—[illegible] at Niagra Laundry at once. 3-t

MONEY LOANED on personal property, diamonds, watches, jewelry, bicycles, musical instruments, revolvers and guns. Big bargains in all kinds of unredeemed goods.

COPELAND'S LOAN OFFICE,
111 East Wayne Street.

FAUROT OPERA HOUSE

Tuesday, Jan. 17.

JOHN W. VOGEL'S

AFRO-AMERICAN

Mastodon Minstrels

Materially Strengthened by the Annexation of the Spectacular Extravaganza

"DARKEST AMERICA"

2—BIG SHOWS UNITED—2

LA SHE King of the High Wire, Hero of Niagara and Paris, at every performance and

30—EXCLUSIVE FEATURES—30

Silver Cornet Band. Double Orchestra.

BIG PARADE AT NOON.

Prices, 25, 35 and 50 Cents.

FAMILY WASHING.

Rough Dry at Four Cents a Pound.

All Flat Work Will Be Ironed.

No less than ten pounds will be taken. The Niagara has recently increased its facilities and intends making a specialty of this kind of work.

Ask your neighbors if you want to know the kind of work you get at the Niagara Laundry. We please them all. Prompt, efficient and reliable. Why have the inconvenience of the washing at home when you can have it done so cheap.

THE NIAGARA LAUNDRY,

No. 209 East High Street.
Both Phones No. 2.

PHILADELPHIA DYE WORKS.

Robert Christie, - - Proprietor.

Clothes cleaning, dyeing and repairing a specialty. Dyers, hatters and furriers

129 East High Street.

Choate Goes to Great Britain.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 12.—The president Wednesday sent to the senate the nomination of Hon. Joseph H. Choate, of New York, to be ambassador extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Great Britain.

Qualified to Do It.

"Did you know," said the tooth carpenter, looking up from his paper, "that the Indians practiced dentistry in the earliest times?"

"I didn't know it," replied the man who had once sat in a dentist's chair, "but I am not at all surprised. The Indians have always been a brutal and a cruel race."

Then he laughed gleefully, forgetful of the fact that there was still time for the dentist to add $15 or $20 to his bill. —Chicago Post.

Saw the New Bonnet.

Mrs. Billson—So you met Mrs. De Fashion on the street? I'm so glad. They say she is wearing a new bonnet just imported. Did you see it?

Mr. B.—Y-e-s, I noticed it.

Mrs. B.—That's splendid. How was it trimmed?

Mr. B.—Well, it had a cowcatcher in front, a tailboard behind, a flower garden on top, and a job lot of assorted ribbons all round. You can easily make one like it.—N. Y. Weekly.

WHOOPING COUGH

One of the most distressing sights, is to see a child almost choking with the dreadful whooping-cough. Give the child Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, the greatest pulmonary remedy, and relief will come at once, the coughing spells will re-occur less frequently, and, in a few days, the sufferer will be entirely cured. No other remedy can boast of so many cures.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup

Cures Whooping-Cough quickly.

Doses are small and pleasant to take. Doctors recommend it. Price 25 cts. At all druggists.

Business and Professional Men.

Are frequently judged by the stationery they use. Did you ever think about it in that way? If you have never given the subject at least some consideration, why not do so now? You can not afford to have any of your business stationery anything but the best and prepared by a careful, painstaking Job Printer. That is the kind employed in

THE NEWS JOB ROOMS.

He is just the fellow who will strive to please you. His instructions are to see how good he can do the work, not how fast. There are a number of articles that you need which come from the printing office. THE NEWS JOB ROOMS can furnish you anything turned out by Job Printers.

LETTER HEADS,
BILL HEADS,
NOTE HEADS
STATEMENTS

of all descriptions, Poster Work, Hangers, Dance Programs, Invitations, Business Cards, Visiting Cards, etc. Then there is no end to the odd jobs you may need. By-laws for Lodges and Societies. But why enumerate? You know what you need.

THE NEWS JOB ROOMS CAN SUPPLY

The prices will always be as low as careful business methods and satisfactory work will permit. Call at

The News Job Rooms

And state what you want. YOU CAN BE SUPPLIED.

316 North Main Street.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

In Society.

The Home Missionary Society of Trinity church will enjoy all day meeting [illegible]

* * *

Saturday afternoon the Juveniles under the efficent direction of Miss Florence Fry and Miss Olive Thomas wound up their term of dances. Miss Bonnie Bourquin playing the entrancing two-steps and polka, to which the little tots keep merry pace.

* * *

Say what you will but 13 will prove a lucky number more often than unlucky, we refer you to Mrs. John Finley and Mrs. T. A. Oxley who we think will admit the same. The occasion was the meeting of the Central Pedro Club who enjoyed the royal hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. D. J. O'Day at their beautiful home on North West Street last Wednesday evening. The aforesaid winners holding head table, 13 games in succession. The rooms were brightened with clusters of roses and carnations while feathery asparagus twined istelf most graceful in the arches and about the bric-a-brac and fire places. A most tempting lunch daintly served added to the pleasures of the evening. The gatherings of this Club are the interesting features ot the winter months and this one was of the usual jollity and freedom which is a relaxative from the long evenings of this season.

Stage Talk.

The Mayor of Lille, France, has issued a short but important order: "In future ladies occupying seats in the parterre will wear low coiffures. The wearing of hats is absolutely forbidden."

* * *

Members of a company arrested in Boston for giving an objectionable entertainment gave their specialties in court, that the learned judge might see for himself, and won their discharge.

* * *

Clay Clement, the young actor whose star has been in the ascendant for some seasons, is just finishing a tour of the South, where he has been presenting the romantic comedies, "The New Dominion" and "A Southern Gentleman," of both of which plays he is the author.

Mr. S. A. Fackler, editor of the Micanopy (Fla.) Hustler, with his wife and children, suffered terribly from La Grippe. One Minute Cough Cure was the only remedy that helped them. It acted quickly. Thousands of others use this remedy as a specific for La Grippe, and its exhausting after effects. H. F. Vortkamp, northaast corner Main and North streets.

The Board of Associated Charities

Will meet tomorrow evening in the Mayor's office at 7:30 p. m. Those having bills against the board will please leave them with orders with the secretary.

We desire to return thanks to the following persons for donations:

G. W. Griffith; Gomer, O., boys' caps.

Mrs G. S. Viceary, 5 tons coal.

Watson & Co. and J. W. Shanahan, groceries.

MRS. E. B. SEREFF, Sec'y.

GOOD PROPERTIES FOR SALE.

Do you want to purchase a property cheap and on easy terms? If so I have them. Here is a few of themany I have for sale with all modern improvements:

8 room house on West High Str.	$2700 00
9 room house on West Wayne Str.	2200 00
6 room house on South Pine Str.	1400 00
10 room house on West Market Str.	3800 00
8 room house on West Spring Str.	2800 00
8 room house on Harrison Ave.	1400 00
13 room house on South Main Str.	5000 00
7 room house on East Market Str.	2000 00
8 room house on South Pierce Str.	1700 00
6 room house Bellfountain Ave.	1300 00
10 room house on West North Str.	3200 00
5 room house on South Main Str.	800 00
6 room house on North West Str.	1200 00
7 room house on South Elizabeth	1400 ..
6 room house East North Str.	1000 ..
6 room house East Kibby Str.	700 ..

And plenty more way down cheap. I also have farms, hotels and grocery stores to sell or trade for city property. Here is something more: I will furnish lot and build you the kind of a house you want and sell it to you on the installment plan. Now if you want to purchase a property or have a property you want to sell, rent or trade It will be to your interest to call on

JOHN H. BRANAN,
Rooms 57.8 opera house blk, Real Estate Dealer.
8t 5 t w

SPECIAL SALE

OF PURE LINEN, HAND MADE

TORCHON LACES.

We have secured about 2000 yards of real Torchon Laces at prices that will enable us to sell them at much less than the cost of importation. There is a variety of patterns and widths that are most desirable. Even bargain hunters will admit that this is an exceptional Lace opportunity.

Torchon Laces at 5c.

Most of them are cheap at 10 cents-

Widths 1-2 inch to 2 inches.

Torchon Laces at 7 1-2c

Average good values at 12 1-2 and 15c.

Widths 1-2 inch to 2 inches.

DON'T DELAY TOO LONG TO GET THE CHOICE OF PATTERNS.

Feltmann & Co

209 and 211 N. Main St.

New Embroideries are arriving daily. In a few days the greatest and grandest line of Embroideries ever seen in Lima will be ready for your inspection.

SERIOUSLY INJURED.

Charles Vogel Meets With a Bad Accident This Morning.

Charles Vogel, of 127 South Pierce street, met with a serious accident this morning at the C., H. & D. shops. He was at work near a circular saw, when a piece of board which was in the process of sawing, flew and struck him in the head. He was rendered unconscious by the force of the blow. An ambulance conveyed him to his home, where Drs. Kahle & Kahle rendered the necessary aid. Vogel is probably internally injured.

LITTLE LIFE ENDED.

Freddie, Baby Son of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Eyster, Dies.

Freddie, the five weeks old baby boy of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Eystor, died last evening at six o'clock at the home of the parents, at 605 Central Avenue. The funeral will occur tomorrow after noon from the residence, Woodlawn cemetery receiving the remains. Rev. Mr. Rupe will officiate.

Yes We Do.

Thank you one and all for your liberal patronage during the past year. Your purchases have increased our business over any preceding year since our existance. We trust your trading with us has been entirely satisfactory and that we shall merit a continuance of your favors during 1899. Pardon us for assuming that good goods, in a measure, had much to do with our progress, and let us assure you that quality will be the greatest consideration of our merchandising the coming year.

LIMA TEA CO., 21 Pub. Sq.

Howard J. Rogers' Appointment.

ALBANY, N. Y., Jan. 17.—Howard J. Rogers, of this city, deputy state superintendent of public instruction, has been appointed director of the department of education and social economy for the United States at the Paris exposition in 1900.

Second Cabinet Dinner.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 17.—The second cabinet dinner of the year was given Monday night when the secretary of the treasury and Mrs Gage entertained the president and Mrs. McKinley.

Died While Greeting a Friend.

LORAIN, O., Jan. 17.—Joseph Matices, who was recovering from a three weeks sickness of the grip, rushed out of his home Monday to greet a passing friend and fell dead. It is supposed the man's heart was affected by the grip.

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 16.

FLOUR—Spring patent, $3.60@4.00; spring fancy, $3.10@3.35; spring family, $2.85@3.00; winter patent, $3.45@3.70; fancy, $3.05@3.20; family, $2.40@2.60; extra, $2.50@2.30; low grade, $1.80@2.00; rye, Northwestern, $2.95@3.10; do city, $3.00@3.25 per brl.

WHEAT—Sales: No. 2 red at 72c per bu.

CORN—Sales: Mixed ear, track, 37c; do, 36½c.

OATS—Sales: No. 3 mixed, track, 28½c; No. 2 mixed, track, 29½c.

HOGS—Select shippers, $3.70; select butchers, $3.67½@3.70; fair to good packers, $3.55@3.65; fair to good light, $3.45@3.55; common and roughs, $3.10@3.50.

CATTLE—Fair to good shippers, $4.35@4.90; good to choice butchers, $4.15@4.65; fair to medium butchers, $3.25@4.00; common $2.50@3.00.

SHEEP—Extras, $3.75@3.85; good to choice, $3.10@3.65; common to fair, $2.25@3.00.

LAMBS—Extras, $5.10@5.35; good to choice, $4.65@5.00; common to fair, $4.00@4.60.

VEAL CALVES—Fair to good light, $6.00@8.75; common and large, $4.00@5.75.

CHICAGO, Jan. 16.

WHEAT—May, 71¼@71⅜c; July, 69⅛c.

CORN—January, 34⅝c; May, 37⅛@37¼c; July, 37¾c.

OATS—January, 26½c; May, 27⅛@27⅛c; July, 26⅛c.

PITTSBURGH, Jan. 16.

CATTLE—Extra, $4.50; prime, $2.50@3.75; good, $5.00@5.15; tidy, $4.70@4.90; fair, $3.90@4.50; common, $3.60@3.75; common to good fat oxen, $2.00@4.25; do bulls, $2.00@4.10; do cows, $2.00@3.75; heifers, $3.00@4.50; fresh cows and springers, $18@47.

HOGS—Prime heavy hogs, $3.80@3.85; prime mediums, $4.80; best heavy Yorkers, $3.75; common to fair Yorkers, $3.65@3.70; pigs, $3.50@3.60; good roughs, $3.15@3.35; stags, $2.50@3.

SHEEP—Prime wethers, natives, $4.45@4.55; good wethers, $4.30@4.40; fair mixed ewes and wethers, $3.80@4.00; common, $2.75@3.55; culls, $1.00@1.50; choice to extra ewes and wether lambs, $5.40@5.45; good to choice lambs, $5.25@5.35; coarse fat bucky lots, $4.60@5.00; culls to fair lambs, $3.50@4.50.

VEAL CALVES—$5.00@7.50.

Horrible agony is caused by Piles, Burns and Skin Diseases. These are immediately relieved and quickly cured by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. Beware of worthless imitations. H. F. Vortkamp, northeast corner Main and North streets.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Cattarh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists. 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

H. C. Bennett, M. D., M. E. — Practice limited to office and consultation. Office, new phone 65.

Arthur H. Buck, M. D., M. E. — Practice general. Residence 414 W. Spring st. New Phone 64.

Drs. Bennett & Buck,

PRIVATE SANITARIUM.

For the treatments of Rheumatism, sciatica, paralysis, female, nervous and catarrhal troubles, lungs, nose and throat. BIG NECK and RUPTURE SUCCESSFULLY treated without the knife, by the most up to date methods or no pay. Removal of superfluous hairs and facial blemishes AT HALF PRICE this month. Electro vapor baths and massage. X-ray photographs taken. Terms reesonable, examination free. All calls answered promptly day or night.

OFFICE—3, 4, 6, 8 and 10 Collins Block, N. W. Corner Public Square.

WE ARE HEADQUARTERS

For stove Pipes, stove Repairing, Furnace Repairing and all kinds of Job Work. If you have not already tried us, give us a trial.

W. A. SMITH, 200 S. Main St.

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If not, take time and investigate

The Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Co.,

—OF MILWAUKEE,—

And save money. It furnishes the Best Insurance at a lower cost than any other Company. It issues ALL approved forms of RENEWABLE TERM, LIFE and ENDOWMENT Policies. Guaranteed LOAN, CASH, PAID-UP and EXTENDED INSURANCE VALUES plainly stated in its Policies. Dividends to policy holders GREATER THAN IN ANY OTHER COMPANY. For full particulars see, or write to

Or R. E. DAVIS, E. L. THOMAS, } Special Agents.

O'CONNOR & SONS, Gen'l Agents.

HARRY RUMPLE

—DEALER IN—

HARD and SOFT COAL,

...... also best SMITHING coal in town. ......

OLD 'PHONE 371.
NEW 'PHONE 384.

112 North Elizabeth St.

STRONG AGAIN! WHEN IN DOUBT, TRY Sex-ine Pills. They have stood the test of years, and have cured thousands of cases of Nervous Diseases, such as Debility, Dizziness, Sleeplessness and Varicocele, Atrophy, &c. They clear the brain, strengthen the circulation, make digestion perfect, and impart a healthy vigor to the whole being. All drains and losses are checked *permanently*. Unless patients are properly cured, their condition often worries them into Insanity, Consumption or Death. Mailed sealed. Price $1 per box; 6 boxes, with iron-clad legal guarantee to cure or refund the money, $5.00. Send for free book. Address, PEAL MEDICINE CO., Cleveland, O.

Wm. M. Melville, south-west corner Main and High streets.

E. H. DORSEY,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

FLOUR AND FEED.

—Our Motto—Small Profits and Quick Sales.—

No. 208 South Main St. New 'Phone 457.

Teeth Extracted Without Pain.

J. M. CHASE, DENTIST,

Rooms 40 and 41, Metropolitan block, Lima, Ohio.

News and Opinions

Of National Importance.

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D. C. Henderson, Attorney. THE LIMA MORTGAGE LOAN CO.
Rooms 1 & 2 Metropolitan Bl'k. Lima, O

DR. KNISELY,

EYE, EAR and THROAT SPECIALIST.

Catarrh, Throat and Lung Trouble treated by Vapor Inhalation.

Rooms 3 and 4 Cincinnati Block. No charge for Examination.

Umbrella Hospital.

F. J. SHAVELIA, Prop.

No. 127 E High Street.

Manufacturer of Umbrellas and Parasols to order.

Repairing and recovering neatly done. Baby Cabs repaired to order.

Only up to date concern of this kind in Lima. Give him a call.

ROBERT W. THRIFT, ATTORNEY

And Counsellors-at-Law. Rooms 21, and 22 Metropolitan Block. Both 'phones. Loans negotiated. Notary in office. jun17-1yr

MULLENHOUR & HEROLD

—PROPRIETOR OF—

BICYCLE AND MACHINE SHOP.

Most complete General Repair Shop in Lima.

All Kinds of Patent Models Made to Order.

Have removed from the Gazette block to the Davis room, 124 North Union street, just south of High.

—BOWER'S—

CORN - CRISPS

.... ARE DELIGHTFUL ....

Try them once and you will have found the Perfection of Confectionery

JAMES FOLEY, The Shoe Dealer

Store 623 North Main Street

Sells shoes as cheap as anyone and keeps open until 8 o'clock in the Evening to accomodate his customers.

F. E. NOLAND, DENTIST.

Rooms 1 and 19 O'Connor Block Second Floor, North Main Street

ALF. CHANEY

Has Removed his

... PLUMBING SHOP ...

To his home at corner of North and Elizabeth streets. Stoves connected on short notice and all kinds of repair work promptly attended to.

NEW 'PHONE 89.

oc 22 1m

LIMA SHOE CO.

Manufacturers of Latest Styles

835 North Main Street. MEN'S SHOES,

Save your money by getting your shoes repaired. PRICES FOR REPAIRING: Men's half soles, sewed, 50c; Ladies' half soles, sewed, 35c; Boys' half soles, sewed, 40c; Children's half soles, sewed, 25c; Men's heels, 20c; Women's heels, 15c.

Pure oak tanned leather used. Work done while you wait.

GENTS' SEWED CALF SHOES.

Made to measure, perfect fit guaranteed, $3.

All the latest styles and shapes. Select your own leather and see your shoes made

PATCHING OF ALL KINDS.

Ready made goods kept in stock at Lowest Prices. Men's, Women's and Children's Rubbers.

Will be open next Saturday. Call and see us and save your money.

BEN LEE,

has moved his

- LAUNDRY -

to No. 112 North Elizabeth street between the P. O. and Y. M. C. A. Call and see him.

Professional and Business Cards

HOTELS.

Brunt's Florentine Hotel, opposite C., H. & D. depot. Hotel and Restaurant. Popular prices. 25 elegantly furnished rooms.

The New Cambridge, opp. P. Ft. W. & C., C. H. & D., L. E. & W. and Lima Northern stations, A. S. Manhard, Prop. Popular prices.

The Harrod, E. Market street, Lima, Ohio. Open all hours. Rates, $1. Steam heat and electric lights. J. W. R. Attleberger, Propr

INSURANCE.

O. F. Kammer & Co., General Insurance Agents, room 1 Wise Block, Lima, O.

LIVERY AND TRANSFER.

J. C. Musser, Livery, Hack and Transfer line, No. 19 southwest corner Public Square. Telephone 46, both lines.

PIANO TEACHERS.

Lynn B. Dana, Teacher of Piano and Theory. Studio, rooms 11 and 12 over City Book Store.

PIANO TUNERS.

C. F. Woolery, tuner and repairer of pianos. Satisfaction guaranteed. 523 North Main.

J. W. McDonald, the Tailor, Telephone for Coatatorium. No. 401 N. Main street.

Call on the Lima Ice & Coal Company for Pure Spring Water Ice. 'Phones 164 or 461.

BANKS.

The Commercial Bank, Samuel A. Baxter & Sons, Lima, Ohio. Bonds, Mortgages, Investments, General Banking.

CHEAP CASH GROCERY.

We have a nice stock of staple and fancy groceries at lowest prices. Country produce a specialty. Give us a call. Tabler & Zimmerman, 201 South Main street. 'Phone 18.

EYE, EAR AND THROAT SURGEONS.

Dr. A. F. Knisely, Eye, Ear and Throat surgeon, rooms 3 and 4, Cincinnati Block, Lima, Ohio. Bell Telephone 462. No charge for examination.

FLORIST.

Mrs. R. E. Rogers, Florist. Designing a specialty. Fresh-Cut Flowers daily. 'Phone 121. 104 West Market street, Lima, O.

FURNITURE, ETC., WANTED.

Highest prices paid for second hand furniture, carpets, stoves, watches and jewelry and cast-off Gents' clothing. Bargains in second hand goods and safes at 113 east Market St. Give me a call and be convinced. A. R. Atkinson.

OLD RELIABLE MUSICAL REPAIRER.

All kinds of musical instruments repaired and tuned and work guaranteed. Filling violin bows a specialty. C. W. Vogle, 143 N. North St.

Dr. and Mrs. Dr. Murphy,

Physician and Accoucheurs.

Devote special attention to family practice and to the ladies during the lying-in. Confinement charges $5.00, including attendance during the usual nine days. Calls promptly attended day and night. Office and Residence, 619 North Main Street. Bell Telephone, 347.

When You Want a Cab See

J. C. MUSSER,

The Elizabeth St. Livery, Hack and Transfer man. He has the finest turn-outs in the city. All kinds of rigs for light and heavy livery. Rigs the best. Prices the lowest. Both 'phones 46. Give us a call. See us for Cabs.

LOCAL TIME CARD.

C., H. & D. R. R.

In effect January 15, 1899, at 4:15 o'clock a. m.

No.		Time
7	arrives daily	1:15 a m
11	leaves " except Sunday	5:45 a m
1	leaves " except Sunday	9:41 a m
5	arrives "	12:30 p m
3	leaves "	4:05 p m
13	arrives " except Sunday	7:45 p m
65	Sunday only, leaves	7:48 a m
	NORTH.	
12	arrives daily	1:55 a m
14	arrives " except Sunday	5:55 a m
2	arrives " except Sunday	8:20 a m
6	arrives "	1:15 a m
4	arrives " except Sunday	4:25 p m
10	arrives "	9:00 p m
65	" Sunday only	7:30 a m

ERIE R. R.

No.	WEST.	DEPART
5	Vestibule limited, daily for Chicago and the West	11:28 a m
3	Pacific express, daily for Chicago and the West	1:13 a m
1	Express, daily except Sunday, for Chicago and the West	9:10 a m
81	Local freight, daily ex. Sunday	7:00 a m
13	Wells-Fargo lim'd express, daily except Monday	4:50 p m
	EAST.	
8	Vestibule limited, daily for New York and Boston	9:02 p m
2	Express, daily except Sunday	3:34 p m
12	Express, daily for New York	3:41 a m
82	Local freight, daily ex. Sunday	7:00 a m

L. E. & W. R. R.

In effect [illegible] 1, 1898.

No.	WEST.	
1	arrives	9:20 a m
1	depart	9:30 a m
3	arrives	2:25 a m
3	depart	2:46 a m
5	arrives	[illegible] p m
120	Minster accommodat'n, leaves	4:50 p m
	EAST.	
6	leaves	7:20 a m
4	arrives	1:25 p m
4	leaves	1:45 p m
2	arrives	7:15 p m
2	leaves	7:20 p m
125	Minster accommoda'n, arrives	3:10 p m

OHIO SOUTHERN R. R.

In affect Dec. 5, 1898.

NO.	GOING SOUTH.	
1	Mail	6:15 a m
3	Express	3:30 p m
	ARRIVAL FROM SOUTH.	
2	Express	11:05 a m
4	Mail	8:30 p m

Trains 1 and 3 make direct connection for Columbus, Chillicothe, Circleville and all points south and southeast.

For further information as to rates, etc., call up Telephone 140.

D. & L. N. R. R.

(In effect Nov. 27, 1898.)

No	GOING NORTH.	
2	Daily except Sunday	2:04 p m
4	Daily	6:05 a m
6	Daily except Sunday	6:10 p m
	GOING SOUTH.	
1	Daily ex. Sunday	5:30 p m
3	Daily	10:10 p m
5	Daily ex. Sunday	7:30 a m

Trains 1 and 5 run through to Columbus, O., reaching Columbus at 8:50 p. m. and 11:15 a. m. Nos. 2 and 4 run through to Detroit and reach that point at 12:00 noon and 8:00 p. m.

P., Ft. W. & C. R. R.

New Time Card, taking Effect Nov. 20, 1898

No.	EAST FROM LIMA.	
6.	Daily	7:25 a m
14.	Daily	8:25 a m
20.	Daily except Sunday	2:27 p m
30.	Daily except Sunday	7:27 p m
8.	Daily	9:30 p m
2.	Daily	10:45 p m
	WEST FROM LIMA	
15.	Daily	1:47 am
5.	Daily	3:35 a m
35.	Daily except Sunday	[illegible] a m
9.	Daily	7:30 p m
45.	Daily except Sunday	6:10 pm

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

HOW WE HID THE NIHILIST.

By a Marine Engineer.

HOW we came to be let in for the job of hiding a Nihilist, and bringing him safely to England, I never knew exactly. Suffice it to say that it caused my fellow-engineers and myself a period of great anxiety. Our steamer was loading at Odessa in October, 1899, and the Chief, the Fourth, and myself (I was acting as third engineer at the time) were ashore one evening, in a ship-chandler's shop, in company with many other engineers of different steamers lying in the port. The proprietor of this establishment (whom for the purpose of this tale I will call George Dimetri) was a man well known to seafarers trading to that part of the world.

Several of those present, who knew the Greek better than I did, had remarked that he seemed to be in a most uncomfortable mood that night, and he had evidently told them the cause of his troubles, for much whispering had been going on between the Englishmen. Our Chief, who appeared to be "in the know," later on proposed that we should go for a walk, in the course of which he explained that a certain Nihilist, who had been captured by the Russian Government, and sent to Odessa for transportation to Siberia, in one of the volunteer fleet, had escaped, and was actually at Dimetri's shop in hiding. We were told, further more, that Dimetri had begged us Englishmen to get the man safely out of the country.

The Chief asked our opinion on the matter, sounded us, in fact, and I, for one, was strongly against having anything to do with the affair. I cannot say whether I was won over by the pitiful yarn that was spun about the poor fellow's condition, or the fact that it was understood that money was no object; suffice it to say, that at last we, three engineers consented to smuggle this Nihilist to England. It had been decided that the representatives of those steamers in port should draw lots as to which one was to undertake the risk, for risk it undoubtedly was. We fully understood that to be caught aiding this man would be a serious business for us.

Well, our Chief lost the toss, and we had to arrange the matter as best we could. I may mention here that the looks of the fugitive himself (we could never grasp his crack-jaw name, and so always referred to him as "Him") were not by any means prepossessing, and so repelled was I when I first crawled into the hole under Dimetri's roof, and was introduced to the man as one of his would-be saviours, I could have recalled my decision there and then to aid and abet his escape. You see, there's no getting away from facts. In fiction the fugitive would be a really noble-looking fellow, possessed of every attribute that commands one's admiration.

"Him," however, was fully six feet in height, with a shaggy head of hair, reminding one of the traditional pictures of poets; a beard that covered the whole of his chest, and had apparently never been trimmed, and a face that generally seemed never to have known the cleansing properties of soap. His clothes, which had evidently at one time been Dimitri's, and were ridiculously too small all round, by no means improved his appearance. Such were our first impressions of our romantic hero. In dismay, we decided to leave "Him" where he was, for that night, at any rate, and hold a consultation with our second engineer, who was aboard the ship, before doing anything further in the matter.

Perhaps it would be as well to state here how matters stood in our steamer. The C—— was a new vessel, owned by a Greek firm, and flying the Greek flag. The whole of the crew, with the exception of the four engineers, were Greeks, and we were put on board by the builders of the machinery, a well-known north-country firm, as their guarantee men.

Now, four English engineer, all fellow-townsmen, and all likely to be employed on this same steamer for about six months only, and then to return to the same engine-shop together, were more than friends. As a fact, we were more like four brothers. Therefore, when we told our second engineer what had occurred, he readily acquiesced, and we all four sat down in the mess-room and worked the problem out. I will not weary you with an epitome of the suggestions offered; let it suffice to say we decided that the best place to stow "Him" was in the evaporator.

Without diving into technicalities, let me say that the evaporator is a machine used in modern marine engineering for making fresh water (in the form of vapor) by boiling salt water. A powerful jet of steam is run through a series of coils. When the dome is raised, these coils can be removed, and then a cylindrical space is left, some six feet in height by three feet six inches in diameter. Of course, the machine can be worked or left unused as required, all ingress of steam and water being regulated by valves.

When we started work as usual next morning at seven o'clock, I got my men to raise the dome within; we then took out the coils, which, when clapped, I put carefully away in the locker in the Chief's cabin. At dinner-time the Chief himself, who had been ashore all the forenoon, came on board with a stranger. Believe me, I should never have recognized the uncouth, weird-looking "Him" in the person that now stepped aboard. Our Chief had evidently not wasted his time, for he had taken a comb, a pair of scissors, and a razor ashore, and cut off all the Nihilist's superabundant hair. Much soap had evidently been used on the large person of "Him," and now he really looked a smart fellow, arrayed in naval clothes. Old Mac, our beloved chief, had bought a suit of clothes from a very tall engineer belonging to a Swedish ship lying close to us, and had equipped "Him" in them.

That evening, when the men had left work, and our steward, who was also a Greek, had gone, as usual, to gamble on the fore hatch, we took "Him" down into the engine-room, and silently placed him on the evaporator base, finally covering the dome over him. Next morning I didn't forget to explain to the stokers that I had had to lower the dome myself, as the Chief didn't like to see it hanging in the slings all night. We next put in the bolts and fastened down the dome as if ready for use. No one would ever dream that the coils of the evaporator were not in the machine, their place having been taken by a stalwart Nihilist, whom we were kidnapping, so to speak, in this very extraordinary manner. This evaporator was fitted with a safety valve on top; this I took out, so as to give our captive fresh air. Through the hole food was also lowered to him, but we couldn't send down very large parcels because the hole was only thirteen inches in diameter.

In the course of the day we received a visit from the Russian police. They had been to other ships also; and let me tell you they searched our steamer from end to end almost as thoroughly as English Custom-house officers would do, but no one dreamt of looking into the evaporator. I really thought we had got off very nicely when we sailed for Antwerp that night; but we soon found out that our troubles had only just begun.

Of course, we had fully intended to liberate "Him" as soon as the ship was fairly at sea; according to our calculations, he was then to be located in the store-room, which, as it was only used by ourselves, would have made "Him" a comfortable home for the three weeks' run. The ship rolled so heavily, however, that the Chief would not allow us to raise the dome. he was afraid, and rightly so, too, that it would carry away and either smash something, or kill poor "Him" in its mad movements.

But what were we to do with "Him?" We understood that he had been used to roughing it, and could stand pretty nearly anything. As a fact, he had to, whether he liked it or not, before he finished that journey, at all events. We passed as much food down to him as we could, and although he didn't understand a word of English, we cheered him up constantly.

Forty hours' steaming brought us to the Bosphorus, and as we had to coal here, and should be very busy on deck, we pulled up the dome, and dragged poor "Him" out. Oh! what a sight he was. He had been very seasick, poor wretch, while the heat had made him lose much flesh, even in that short time, so that his clothes hung about him like sacks.

I think our sense of pity at his condition made us fairly wild at our folly in leaving "Him" there so long; we really hadn't calculated on the heat of his prison, for you must remember that he was in a part of the engine itself. We bathed him, however, and changed his clothes as far as we could: we fed him on beef-tea and arrowroot biscuits; walked him gently up and down the engine room floor, and finally when we thought he was coming round a bit, we locked him up in the store-room, and went on deck to see that we were not robbed of coal by those rascally Turks.

The usual bustle and excitement were at their height, when the steward ran up to me and said he had been into the engine-room, and that a strage man was walking round examining everything.

Could "Him" have got out, I wondered, crossly; "what a fool he must be thus to expose himself to danger." Hastily I told the Chief the news, and ran down to the engine-room to expostulate with "Him." You may judge of my amazement on seeing quite another individual calmly walking the "staring platform," as though to the manner born. At first I thought he was a thief, but he politely informed me that he had booked a passage to Antwerp in this very boat, and he went on to apologize for going into the engine-room without leave. I might, he said, be quite sure that he was doing nothing wrong. The fellow evidently understood modern machinery, for he calmly asked me where the evaporator coils had got to. I was so thunderstruck that I couldn't reply for the moment, for there was the evaporator dome still in the slings—you see, we had been so horrified at our charge's condition when we dragged him out, that we forgot to put it down again. Noticing my embarrassment, he smiled and said: "So the bird has flown, eh?" Without waiting for an answer, the stranger quickly ascended the engine-room ladder and was rowed ashore. I did not know what to make of the affair. It was evident that "Him" had been betrayed, however. At any rate, I though we had got rid of our mysterious visitor pretty easily, and I was complimenting myself on not being quite such a fool as he had evidently taken me for, when, to my dismay, on leaving the Golden Horn behind us, I saw the same man talking to the captain on on the poop. Evidently he had found out that no one had left our steamer at Constantinople, and so had hurried back, determined not to be baulked of his prey. We held a hasty consultation as to what was to be done with "Him" under these very alarming circumstances. The captain would undoubtedly search the engine-room and stoke-holds, and, if found, put both "Him" and the Russian officer, for such the polite stranger was, on to the first steamer we passed bound for Russia.

"Put 'Him' in the evaporator again," said the Second.

"What! and boil him to death?" said I, horrified.

"Not at all," said No. 2. "We can run a jet of water over it, to keep it cool. The water will only wash the bilges out, and that they sadly need."

"Good," said the Chief. "And we'll raise the dome every night when we have an opportunity, and let 'Him' have a walk around."

These plans were carried out at once. "Him" protested violently, poor chap, but we thrust him into his ghastly tomb, with all the food we could lay our hands upon. It seemed partly like burying a man alive, and partly like thrusting him into an oven. All went well till the mid-day watch next day, by which time we had left the mouth of the Dardanelles far behind us. I fancy our captain didn't want to start the search till we were quite beyond the power of the Turks, who will do anything for Russia in a matter of this kind.

About two o'clock in the afternoon the captain, accompanied by the Russian, came to the engine-room door, and said he was about to search the whole place. I called the Chief, who was lying down just then, but before he could come to my assistance the Russian had got round the evaporator (I had shut off the water as soon as I saw them coming) and, good heavens! I saw with beating heart and feeling of indescribable horror he was going to open the steam valve on to the coals, and boil poor "Him" to death. I was about to shriek out, so great was my excitement, when a noise overhead attracted my attention. The Chief with magnificent presence of mind had dashed on to the boiler top and shut off the auxiliary valve, a thing which I had been told to do, but had forgotten in the excitement.

Quick as lightning, however, the Chief did it, and our poor, bottled-up fugitive was saved. The Russian police officer deliberately opened the valve, and then, turning round on me, laughed sardonically in my face. There was no longer any doubt in my mind that the whole of our plot had somehow been given away to the Russian police. In his pride at having, as he thought, baffled us, however, he forgot to feel the dome to see if it were getting hot I should say that the anxious look on my face had told its own tale. The officer at any rate had fairly done his work, for when he had kept me talking for some time, he said, blandly, "Well, Mr. Engineer, you are now at liberty to have what is left of that fellow. Good afternoon." And walking out of the engine-room, he never troubled us again that run.

We had a good laugh at his expense, though, when, later on, we again restored "Him" to liberty. He was an awful wreck when we lugged him out and made a nice bed in the waste locker, for we now wanted the evaporator to do its own legitimate work. Our next port of call was Algiers, and we spent our spare time here in maturing a nice little surprise for our Russian enemy. We created a fine, stalwart-looking man out of waste, using an old fire-bar for a backbone. This dummy was about the same build as "Him."

We reach Algiers after dusk, too late to coal that night, but the agent at once came on board with our letters. We begged the loan of a boat, and then, lowering our dummy carefully into it, three of us jumped in, and pulled quickly for the shore. But, as we intended, our spy saw us as we passed the stern of the steamer, and we saw him running frantically to the captain for a boat to be sent in pursuit.

When close to the quay, we quietly dropped the dummy overboard, and pulling round some coal-lighters glided swiftly back alongside our ship; we then climbed aboard and awaited the result.

All night long that Russian searched Algiers for "Him," but of course in vain, and next day we saw the indefatigable officer dragging the harbor. It had evidently leaked out that a man had been thrown from our boat.

It was a good job for us, by the way, that the relations between France and Russia were not so cordial then as they are now, otherwise we might have had to bid good-bye to the good ship C—— at Algiers, and accompany our Russian back to Odessa.

The latter suddenly declined to proceed any farther on his eventful voyage to Antwerp, and we afterwards learned that the dragging operations were crowned with overwhelming success during the evening, with the natural result that the Russian became the laughing-stock of the entire city.

Putting into Dartsmouth for a further supply of fuel, we smuggled "Him" ashore, and the Chief and I were not sorry when his train left for the Metropolis. On arrival at Antwerp a letter was put into the Chief's hands; it contained no communication, but twelve £5 bank-notes, and I confess that my share came in very handy.

But the most extraordinary part of the whole story I learned the following year when again at Odessa. Poor "Him," it appeared, was, after all, a mere scapegoat for a far greater Nihilist than he—a "political" of high rank. "Him" was deliberately smuggled out of Odessa on board our ship, not so much because it was necessary that he himself should escape (though he certainly was very much wanted) as to throw the Russian police off the track of the more important conspirator.—Wide World Magazine.

COMMON SENSE ON PUNCTUATION

A Batch of Rules That Are in Accord With Modern Methods.

"Whose punctuation do you follow?" The answer is, our own. Unlike D'Israeli's alleged "sensible men"—who, when asked what their religion is, "never tell"—we are willing and glad to tell what our rule of punctuation is. Here you have it in a few words.

1. Never use a comma if "the wayfaring man, though a fool," can grasp the meaning of the text without it.

2. Never use a semicolon when a comma will serve the author and the reader as well.

3. Never use a colon when a semicolon will serve as well.

4. Wherever there is no climacteric effect to be preserved, cut up your semicoloned and coloned sentence into short sentences.

5. Use commas and periods as your standbys.

6. Use the semicolon chiefly to better express antithetis, and to group phrases and clauses.

7. Use the colon chiefly in formal enumeration, after "viz.," "as follows" and the like.

8. Use the dash to indicate an abrupt break in the sentence, an afterthought, and, in many instances where in olden times the parenthesis was used, to indicate that the words included are parenthetically employed.

9. Use the parenthesis only when you find dashes are not sufficiently exclusive.

10. Never use brackets except where you insert some word of your own in a quotation from some other author.

11. Never use an interrogation point except when your question is direct; e. g., it would be improper to use it after "girl" in this sentence: "He asked what ailed the girl."

These are our rules to-day. To-morrow, if we see any new light, we shall follow it. But we are not likely to stray away from the course above marked out. Punctuation, like sentence-making, becomes second nature after awhile. In punctuation, as in sentence-making, we do well or ill as we succeed or fail in presenting our thought in fewest words. The words should be chosen and arranged as to develop our meaning, our whole meaning, and nothing but our meaning.—Midland Magazine.

After the Catechism.

She—"Will you love me always."

He—"Passionately, my darling."

She—"And you will never cease to love me?"

He—"Never, my darling."

She—"And you will save your money?"

He—"Every penny."

She—"And you will never speak harshly to me?"

He—"Never."

She—"And you will give up all your bad habits?"

He—"Every one of them."

She—"And you will get along with mamma?"

He—"Yes."

She—"And papa?"

He—"Yes."

She—"And you will always do just what mamma wants you to do?"

He—"Yes."

She—"And just what papa wants you to do?"

He—"Yes."

She—"And just what I want you to do?"

He—"Of course."

She—"Well, I will be yours, but I fear I am making an awful mistake."—Tit-Bits.

Pearls Made to Order.

M. Boutin, of the Sorbonne, since the announcement of his successful production of pearls in the Roscoff laboratory, has been inundated with letters from fashionable ladies who either want to know where they can buy these artificial products or whether they should lose no time in disposing of valuable pearl ornaments. To the trade, however, M. Boutin's discovery causes little agitation, for the dealers well know that he has merely done what has been for years a familiar trick with the heathen Chinee. A little pellet of some foreign substance introduced between the shells of the oyster will in the course of a few weeks become coated with the beautiful iridescent material known as mother-of-pearl. But the result is not a genuine pearl of any value, for that is a growth which only comes to perfection after a considerable lapse of time. Such a process of nature cannot be hurried.—London Chronicle.

Striking Contradictions.

A great contrast will often be found to exist between authors and their works, melancholy writers being the most jocular in society usually, and humorists in theory the most lugubrious mortals in practice.

"The Comforts of Human Life," by R. Heron, was written in prison under the most distressing circumstances. "The Miseries of Human Life," by Beresford, was, on the contrary, composed in a drawing room where the author was surrounded by the best of everything, and Burton, the author of the "Anatomy of Melancholy," was extremely facetious in conversation.

KIDNAPPING OF WOMEN

FROM ISLANDS OF THE FAR SOUTHERN SEAS.

How a Party of Native Girls, Bathing in the Surf, Were Captured by a French Ship and Afterward Rescued by the Captain of the British Cruiser Mildura—His Own Story of a Most Remarkable Voyage—A Tale of Savage Retribution.

The British auxiliary ship Mildura has arrived in Vancouver after the most extraordinary cruise of which even the dark and bloody isles of the Pacific have ever been the witness. In the course of less six months she has chased a French ship over coral reefs and thus perhaps displaced the Fashoda incident as a subject of international ill-feeling and possible conflict. She has rescued an island princess and scores of other women from most horrible slavery, avenged the cruel murder of a British colonial governor, stormed a stronghold occupied by French convicts and witnessed many scenes of bloodshed, desolation and misery.

This is the story as told by Capt. Leah, of the Mildura, with corroborative details furnished by the people of the Australian steamship Miowera just arrived from Sydney. Thus reads a Vancouver letter to the New York World.

The Mildura left Sydney, Australia, very suddenly six months ago, and was shortly followed out of the harbor by the French cruiser Eure.

The object of their cruise was accidentally learned by a Sydney reporter. It was to put down the traffic in native girls said to have been carried on by white officers of merchant ships and even of naval vessels patrolling the Pacific.

After leaving Sydney the Mildura steamed direct for New Hebrides and made Noumea her headquarters. The day after her arrival she was joined by the Eure. It was then definitely learned that the two men-of-war would work together in putting down the horrible traffic in native girls which was becoming so prevalent among the islands.

While at Noumea reports were received by Capt. Leah of the Mildura, that scores of girls had been stolen and taken aboard French ships during the preceding three months from the island of Aoba. Together the two ships set out to investigate.

They found that the report was true and that an awful vengeance had been wrought upon the white governor who, though guiltless of the crimes that had maddened the natives to revolt, had been massacred.

White dealings with South Sea natives are short and sharp.

The English and French warships opened fire. The village, which had a population of about 500, was soon in flames, and the inhabitants fled to the hills.

Then the British and French tars rowed to the island and captured many natives. Among them was Chief Omuoo whose village was on the other side of the island.

The next morning this chief with a number of his warriors, paddled to the Mildura.

"What have you done with Gov. Duncan?" demanded Capt. Leah.

"Where is my daughter?" retorted the chief. "Is there no punishment for white men and for our burned villages and our young men slain?"

"I know nothing of your daughter."

"It is true," said Omuoo. "Last night she was bathing with her women in the sea and they were all stolen by the Man-a-wee-wee (the Frenchmen) as others have been stolen before."

"Your child shall be rescued," said Capt. Leah. "They cannot have gone far. First let us hear about the murder of Gov. Duncan."

Capt. Leah says he has no doubt Duncan's murder was due to the anger of some native whose daughter had been stolen by Frenchmen.

Like many governors of small islands, Duncan was also a trader. With a number of his suite he was trading with a chief several miles inland on Aoba with whom he had been dealing for upward of seven years. He placed such confidence in this chief that on several occasions he had taken him on board his cutter for a cruise among the islands, a privilege accorded only to natives supposed to be reliable.

Duncan was in the chief's tent, making some entries in a book, while the chief was sitting opposite him. Without a moment's warning the native seized a tomahawk and aimed a blow at Duncan's head. The governor ducked, but received the edge of the tomahawk on his forehead, cutting it to the bone. Although partly stunned, he reached for his revolver, which was lying at his side, when the chief seizing a knife, stabbed him twice in the back. The wounds were not deep, and Duncan secured his revolver. The chief, seeing his danger sprang like a flash for the doorway, only to receive a shot, fired point blank into his body.

Duncan's companions, at the sound of the revolver shot rushed into the tent, only to find the chief dead and the governor in a dying condition. He was carried back to the coast and had hardly told the story of the attack when he breathed his last. His death and that of the chief was followed by a general revolt, in which several whites were slain.

It now remained to chase the French cutter that had taken away Chief Omuoo's daughter and nineteen other girls of Aoba. An extraordinary coincidence now occurred which may lead to international complications.

After shelling Aoba, the French cruiser Eure, Capt. Lecuve steamed away to Segon, one of the stations of the French New Hebrides, to put down a revolt of escaped convicts. She left word for the Mildura to follow as soon as possible. It thus happened that Capt. Leah was left to chase the Port Despointes alone.

The little cutter was still cruising in the vicinity. The Mildura gave chase. The Port Despointes was no match for her in speed and ran in close to a small island. The Mildura followed at a high rate of speed and was almost within firing distance of the cutter when a horrible grinding sound told Capt. Leah he was in dangerous waters. The cruiser had run over a hidden coral reef and had strange to say, sustained no other damage than to have two of her plates sprung.

By this time she was close upon the Port Despointes and a shot fired across the cutter's bow brought her to a standstill. Capt. Leah, with twenty blue jackets immediately boarded her.

He found on board the Ooban princess and twelve of her girl companions. He demanded their immediate release, and First Lieut. Couillard, who was in charge of the cutter, made no demur. This officer is supposed to have authorized the capture of the girls.

The princess was found in her cabin sleeping. She is described by Capt. Leah as a beautiful girl, almost as fair in complexion as a European. When awakened she protested against leaving Lieut. Couillard, but Capt. Leah was obdurate.

Then followed a strange scene, like a modern version of the story of the stolen Sabine women.

The beautiful girl, clad only in a lava-lava of gaudy calico, "made in Germany," hesitated but for a moment. All savage tribes people are accustomed to the idea of rude wooing, and she was already reconciled to her captor.

With a cry of despair she threw herself at the feet of Lieut. Couillard and raised her hands to him in mute appeal.

Two tars levelled loaded guns at the lieutenant's head, while Capt. Leah led the girl gently to the cutter's rail, where lay one of the Mildura's boats. It was unnecessary. The lieutenant made no move, but watched the stirring scene with a cynical Parisian smile. A suit of old clothes was thrown over the princess and she was lowered into the boat. Her companions, beautiful young girls, some as young as thirteen and none over twenty, were as loath to go as she, but they obediently followed, leaving their sailor lovers. They were absolutely without clothes of any kind and were from eighteen to twenty years old. The French sailors had chosen the prettiest of the native princess's followers for themselves.

Before he left the cutter Capt. Leah held an informal investigation. Lieut. Couillard made no secret of what he had done. He said it was a common practice to steal the native girls, and if he suffered for such a proceeding some of his countrymen high in the French South Sea [illegible] he declared that the traffic in native girls was not confined to French vessels, and cited cases where British merchantmen had stolen whole boat loads of girls.

The captures, he said, were generally effected while the girls were bathing in the sea and unprotected. They were surprised, bound and carried on board ship before the tribe knew anything about it.

When the sailors got tired of them they generally, he said, put them on the first convenient island they came to.

Hundreds of native girls, he declared, had been treated in this manner during the past year.

Capt. Leah was received with a royal welcome when he returned to Aoba, and bonfires were lighted in honor of the man who two days before had been shelling the village and killing its dusky defenders. Then, while the young girls restored to the tribe were alone unresponsive to the general rejoicing, Capt. Leah followed the Eure to Segon.

"When we reached Segon," said Capt. Leah, "we found the place turned topsy-turvy by the recent outrages of the convicts. Near this place one hundred French ex-convicts have settled. They are a desperate class of men, but up to this time had remained quietly on their settlement. The arrival of an English liquor ship, from which they procured several cases of brandy, started them on their wild carnival of crime.

"Maddened with drink they proceeded in a body to the native village near Segon, massacred many of the natives and took as captives the fairest maidens. With the exception of twenty they returned the girls to their settlement. These twenty decided to visit some brother convicts on the small island of Malo. They took with them a large supply of liquor and several of the captive girls.

"During a night spent in carnival a fight ensued over the girls, and in the morning it was found that six of the Malo island convicts and two of the girls had been literally cut to pieces.

"The drink-maddened criminals returned next day to their settlement. These things were told upon our arrival at Segon. The inhabitants of the station including a number of educated French traders and their families, were in a state of pitiable terror lest the convicts should pay them a visit.

"After a brief conference with the governor of Segon I determined to storm the stronghold of the convicts. Learning of our proposed raid, they fled to the hills. We pursued, and after a fierce fight, during which two of my men were seriously wounded, captured six of them and took them back to Segon. I never learned the fate of these men but have no doubt they were executed.

"The warship Eure was expected at Segon when we left next day, and the governor intended to demand the capital punishment of the murderous convicts. They were the most desperate men I ever came across. They were half-savage in appearance and fought like demons when we cornered them in the hills. Their victims in the native village of Ago numbered, I was told at least fifty."

The Mildura is now in dry dock in Vancouver undergoing repairs to her plates, which were sprung during the exciting chase after the French cutter Port Despointes. Her officers and crew talk freely of the thrilling incident. It is due to them alone that I am enabled to give this story of what is perhaps the most eventful cruise of modern days.

WANDERINGS OF OLD COINS.

New Orleans Man Marks 500, but Never Gets One Back.

"If an old coin could only talk, what strange adventures it might tell," remarked a Canal street druggist, twirling a silver piece he had just received from a customer, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "Now, this half-dollar was coined in 1848, the year the great gold craze began in California, and I should say by its looks that it has been in pretty constant circulation ever since. Think of what a volume of trade that represents. If it purchased its face value only once a day, which is certainly a modest estimate, it has done well on to $10,000 worth of business in the half a century it has been going the rounds. That's quite a record, isn't it? And I dare say that curious things have happened to it in its journeyings. It has been borrowed and stolen, and lost and lent; it has been hoarded by misers and squandered by prodigals, and who knows how often it has been the last coin in the pocket of a suicide? It must have lain on gaming tables and rattled in church boxes and held down the eyelids of the dead. There is no telling in what far countries it has traveled, and what fantastic foreign things it may have bought. I never finger one of these old coins without a certain sense of awe and an inclination to stop no matter how busy I may be and do a little day dreaming over its history."

"All that reminds me," said a man who had listened to the druggist's homily, "of a queer experiment I made years ago. I was speculating one day on the possible wanderings of coins, and just to test the matter I had a small steel punch made with my initials cut in the end. By bringing it down sharply on a coin I could leave the letters indented on the surface. Well, for a long time—over a year, in fact—I stamped every scrap of hard money I got hold of—nickels, pennies and all. I suppose at the lowest estimate I turned adrift 400 or 500 separate pieces bearing my sign manual, meanwhile keeping my eyes open for the return of any of the wanderers. It was in 1881 or 1882 that I began work with the die and in all these intervening years I have never yet received a coin bearing my stamp. Looking for the initials has become such a habit with me that I do it instinctively almost every time I receive any change. Several years ago I was cashier in a good-sized retail house here, and handled a great many fractional coins. Hundreds of them had been marked, but none had my particular stamp. This certainly shows how widely money becomes scattered. A young friend of mine tried the same experiment, and after a considerable lapse of time found one of his coins in some change given him in a store in New York. He had a ring put in the piece and wears it on his watch chain."

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TO MY OLD CLAY PIPE.

For twenty years and mair my friend
We've gaed aboot fu' chief;
Sic ups and doons we bath hae kenned!
Yet never come tae grief.

Nae doot auld age, an' wear an' tear,
Hae left their marks on baith;
Grey hairs hae I and lines o' care,
While ye are worn, my faith!

But it cowes a', pipe o' my hairt,
Hoo blythe, tho' auld, we are;
My voice, tho' cracked, aye does its pairt
Tae spread yer fame afar.

For thou, auld black, begrimed cutty,
Aye soothe and cheer the glum
Wi' reek frae bowl as strong and smutty
As ony ancient lum.

Whiles when I draw my chair inby,
And a' the hoose is still,
Thy thin blue reek, before my eye,
Taks form o' field and hill.

And shutting oot a' ither sights,
I fondly think I see
Auld Scotia's bonnie braes and heights,
And daisy-spangled lea.

In panoramic view they pass
Her lochs and burns and bens;
The canty lad, the sonsy lass,
The bogs and crags and glens.

Blest be the smoke that wafts me near
The heather and the broom;
That gars the home-land sights appear
Before me in my room.

That lets me see each weel-lo-ed flooer,
The bluebell and the whin;
And hear across the shaggy moor,
The roaring o' the linn.

Auld pipe, guid frien' o' mony years!
Thanks tae yer cheery sel';
Ye rouse oor smiles, and dry oor tears
A' ills ye quick dispel.

And when they lay us baith awa',
Wi' ashes cauld and grey,
It's just because the breath o' twa
No langer's life to clay!

A. S. ALEXANDER.

Paint and Painting.

As a filler and putty, some painters use plaster of Paris, mixed with weak glue, to the consistency of putty.

Putty can be kept soft by covering with water, or, still better, with linseed oil. Any good putty will harden on exposure.

To test the durability of colors in paint, apply a coat to strips of thick paper and nail them on the wall, exposed to the strongest possible light. Over one-half of the sample or samples of color, fasten heavy paper, excluding all light. After a few weeks remove this covering and note the difference in the exposed and unexposed portions.

As a rule the fewer colors used in making a shade the more likely it is to endure.

Painting damp wood imprisons the moisture and induces dry rot.

If paint cracks around the edges of putty it was applied while the putty was wet and soft.

To make a sticky painted surface hard, rub it with japan and turpentine, using a stiff brush.

If your brush was not cleaned at the proper time, and has become hard, put it in linseed oil and heat the oil until the dried paint is loosened.

Pigments that contain sulphur, such as cadmium yellow, ultramarine, or king's yellow, should never be mixed with white lead. Sooner or later black sulphide will form, discoloring the paint.

From a sanitary point of view painted walls are best; the worst is a papered wall.

Of all drying oils linseed oil possesses the greatest pliability, and when dry the greatest elasticity and hardness.

Raw linseed oil is one of the best cleaners for removing paint from the hands and face. When freely used it prevents poisonous paints from entering the system through the pores of the skin.

To make a red wash for brickwork of Venetian red, use buttermilk or skim milk. The cheapest thing in the end to use with the pigment is linseed oil, because more durable.

Dry burnt umber mixed in vinegar makes a good walnut stain, as does also one pound of dry Venetian red mixed in one quart of turpentine and one point of asphalt.

Two ounces of dragon's blood dissolved in one quart of turpentine, gives a good mahogany stain.

For making material for wax finish on floors and furniture, shred up fine with a knife beeswax and mix in turpentine. Place in a pot, and this pot in another vessel containing water. Melt on a stove. There should be sufficient wax to make a thick paste. Rub into the wood with a flannel pad. If there is no objection to darkening the wood, coat it with linseed oil thirty-six hours before waxing.

When mixing tints in the light, it must be remembered that the color will not appear quite the same in a partly darkened room.

All light tints are more or less affected by the application of clear varnish over them. It is better to mix a little of the color in the varnish.

"Cold japan," advertised as "the best roof paint," is simply asphaltum and pitch.

The painter who commences work without having a good meal greatly increases the chances of suffering from lead poisoning. The danger is slight under ordinary conditions.

A fine reddish brown can be given to maple, or a good yellowish brown to oak or fir, by the application of a solution of fifty parts of commercial alizarine, one thousand parts of water, to which ammonia has been added, drop by drop, till the mixture smells of it.

A pleasing effect in decorating a reception room may be obtained by the use of harmonizing tints of olive and cream.

Zinc white as an oil paint lacks drying property, and on general principles is not to be recommended for exterior painting, excepting when mixed with a fair portion of white lead, or for special purposes over a ground of white lead.

It is an error to suppose that petroleum imparts life to colors. Neither turpentine, nor petroleum, nor any other ethereal oils can make colors clear, because they are of a volatile nature, and because the residue is too small.

Sheet lead is difficult to cover, and paints that take tin and lead will not always adhere to zinc. As a general rule, the strong oxide paints take these metals better than talc, ochre and the earthly pigments.—The Master Painter.

Mountain of Pierre Bott.

An illustration of the mountain of Pierre Bott accompanies this article. The mountain is one of the noted sights in the island of Mauritius, formerly knows as the Isle de France. Reference to the cut will show a remarkable formation. A peak shoots up with

what appears a spoon-shaped elongation at the top. This spoon-shaped affair is really a free stone of immense size nicely poised at the top. This peak rises more than 300 feet higher than the rest of the mountain. Early in the present century Peter Bott (Pierre Bott) ascended this peak, but lost his life in trying to descend. Hence the name of the mountain. Other travelers have been more successful.

Landor's Dash at Lhasa.

The Indian and the Tibetan officials, who so carefully guard their frontier from inquisitive intruders, did their very best to prevent Mr. Landor from entering the country, writes J. Scott Keltie in Harper's Magazine. But by a clever ruse he, with the little band of native followers he had succeeded in collecting, with all his instruments, camera, and other impedimenta, contrived to hoodwink the guards, and by a formidable mountain route slipped across the frontier. For a time all seems to have gone smoothly, and Mr. Landor made his way towards Lhasa apparently along one of the head-streams of the Brahmaputra, the upper course of which had hitherto only been observed roughly by the native Indian explorers. Rugged and mountainous as the country is—Mr. Landor says that some of the passes he crossed are 20,000 feet high—progress seems to have been rapid, until all too soon, when apparently among friends, the venturesome explorer was suddenly seized and bound. All his men deserted him except one faithful follower, and the two, under the roughest treatment, were hurried on towards Lhasa. Mr. Landor believes that he must have been within a comparatively short distance of Lhasa when, at the instigation of a high Lama, he was subjected to the cruelest tortures—his body racked, his face roasted, and his eyesight nearly extinguished with a red-hot iron, and every preparation made for his decapitation. Fortunately the Tibetans thought better of it, and, after additional tortures, Landor was bound on a pony with a spiked saddle that cruelly injured his spine. He was hurried back to the frontier, where he was met by a rescue party. This is a bare outline of one of the most remarkable adventures of recent times. In the midst of his sufferings Mr. Landor never forgot the great object of geographical exploration. He succeeded in bringing away with him his notes, his maps, his photographs, his numerous sketches, and his instruments. Even, he tells me, when lying on the ground, bound at night, he contrived to slip out his hands unobserved, and on a scrap of paper, with a splinter of wood, trace with his own blood the course of another head-stream of the Brahmaputra; this curious geographical record he showed to me. To judge from a photograph lying before me, taken just after he was rescued, Mr. Landor's treatment must have been of the most trying kind; I should never have recognized the haggard, corrugated, miserable, unshaven face as that of my friend. Happily, so far as appearance goes, he is now all but restored to his natural well-groomed condition, though he still suffers from the injuries inflicted on his spine by the spikes of his saddle. Apart from the exciting adventures with which he met, Mr. Landor has much to tell of the strange and interesting people with whom he came into contact, and his note-books are filled with observations and rough map-sketches, which lead me to hope that he has added something new to the map of Asia, an object which he never lost sight of.

At the time of the discovery of America the rank of a Peruvian lady might be determined by the size of the ring she wore in her nose.

A CASE IN POINT.

Dissertation on the Virtue of Telling the Unvarnished Truth.

"The hypocrisies in which women indulge are very fatiguing," remarked Mr. Blykins, with that lofty and irritating air which he adopts when he feels like lecturing, according to the Washington Star. "These social shams are as foolish as they are unnecessary."

"Do you think they are confined to feminine existence?" inquired his wife, gently.

"Of course they are. A man goes straight to the point. He doesn't descend to petty falsehood in an idle attempt to conceals his real motives and feelings. He doesn't send word that he isn't in when somebody whom he wishes to avoid calls. He doesn't gush and coo over somebody and then talk about him behind his back. He says what he has to say straight from the shoulder and never takes any of it back."

"Don't you think that there are little conventional fictions which it is just as well to employ, if only for the sake of one's own self-respect?"

"Never! This world would get on twice as smoothly if nobody said anything he didn't absolutely mean."

"By the way," she exclaimed, abruptly changing the subject, "did you write to Mr. Squidly to-day, as you said you were going to?"

"Yes. And there's a case in point. I didn't mince words with him. I put it all down in black and white. I told him exactly what I think he is and then looked in a book of synonyms for more words. It won't do any good, of course, but it was some satisfaction to call his attention to himself and let him know that there is somebody who isn't to be fooled by his hypocritical mask."

"How did you sign the letter?"

"With my own name, of course. I wouldn't send anything anonymously."

"What did you put before your name?"

"Why, I wrote the usual line, 'Yours very respectfully'——"

And then Mr. Blykins relapsed into silence.

CURIOUS FACTS.

Bicycles are now largely used in place of horses on cattle ranches.

It takes 72,000 tons of paper to make the postal cards used in the United States each year.

The cashier of a bank in Hallowell, Me., is ninety-two years old, but attends to his official duties regularly.

Manx is the best tongue for courting, as it has ninety-seven ways in which to say "My dear." This is the opinion of the London Manx Society.

Some of the people in England who have family crests show their high regard for them by having them tattooed on their pet dogs, between the forelegs.

The latest sensation of Paris, France, is a young Swiss giant, Constantin by name, who is amusing the audiences at the Folies Bergere. He is over eight feet tall and so weak in the knees that he can scarcely walk.

Clover sickness—a common disease that often ruins clover crops—has caused German scientists to make experiments. They now say that farmers will soon be able to inoculate their land just as human beings may be treated.

There is a fish found in Hudson Bay which absolutely builds a nest. This it does by picking up pebbles in its mouth and placing them in a regular way on a selected spot on the bottom of the bay, where the water is not very deep.

Distressing noises in her head induced Sarah Loura, an elderly lady, to seek relief at St. Mary's hospital, Philadelphia. The surgeon discovered that a living spider had made a nest in her ear, and he quickly removed the intruder.

Overcrowding in London.

A correspondent writes to us to say that the last report of the Housing Committee very gravely understates the urgency of the housing problem in London. He gives the following startling figures:

"The report says that in 1891 the census discloses that 214,843 persons lived in one-roomed tenements. This is minimizing the evil with a vengeance. There were 386,489 so horribly crowded. The report says that 128,000 persons lived from four to twelve in a room. This is true of one-roomed tenements, but other tenements were equally crowded, and the census proved that no less than 184,800 persons lived from four to twelve and even seventeen to a room. Further, the census disclosed that there were no less than 1,750,000 who lived in tenements containing one or two, and in no case more than three rooms to each family of from one to twelve, and that over 2,000,000 lived in an overcrowded condition."

These figures are appalling, but even if they exceed the truth, there can be little doubt that the action resolved on by the Council will come not a day too soon.

Pigs and Witchcraft.

Two women of the lower class were quarreling violently the other evening in Heavitree, a suburb of Exeter, England. One yelled to the other, "You wretch, you always keep a black and a white pig, so that you can witch us; you ought to be scragged!" The one so addressed, it seems, had lived in her cottage some twenty years. She has during this period, it is said, always kept a couple of pigs, one of each color, and her neighbors consider she does this so that she may enjoy the very questionable powers of witchcraft. No butcher in the neighborhood will buy her pigs, as, if he was known to do so, he would certainly lose the local custom upon which he relies.

SACRED MONKEYS.

INDIA'S PECULIAR CHURCH OF JOCKOS.

Screeching of the Little Quadrupeds Mingle With the Chanting of the Richly Robed Priests of Hindoism—Queer Ceremonies.

The sacred city of East India is Benares and the tourist who visits this mecca of the Hindus will carry away with him memories of as unique a place as it is the lot of either American or European to visit, says the Philadelphia Record. As the first streak of dawn breaks in the east the sojourner at Benares is awakened by the beating of gongs and the yelling by the Hindu populace of "Sati Ram." Opening his bedroom window, the visitor sees below him hundreds of Hindu men and women dressed in the peculiar Indian fashion. Some are going to the great holy dam to perform their morning ablutions; others who have completed this duty are on their way to the various Hindu temples, crying out the name of their favorite god and beating brass gongs. The sight witnessed on the streets of this city at sunrise is a never-to-be-forgotten one. Human beings, monkeys and tame sacred bulls make it next to an impossibility for the stranger to pass along. At first one imagines that a great circus has arrived in the city. The monkeys, sacred to some god or other and of every size and description, thrust their hairy hands into the baskets of the passers-by and into the windows of the confectioner, taking whatever they can. Not a murmur is raised, not a protest is offered; in fact, the Hindu believes it to be a piece of rare good fortune for him during that day if one of the monkeys or bulls will only appropriate some of the contents of his basket or store. The bulls roam at will in the market places, trampling vegetables under their feet and eating the choicest that the market can afford. Instead of beating the bulls off his products, the Hindu all the time sits as an Egyptian mummy, with never a sign of disapproval. To object would mean the breaking of his caste, and caste to the Hindu is dearer than all else on earth. After the visitor has gone a short distance from his hotel he comes to one of the great Hindu temples, with grotesque carvings of hideous-looking gods and animals adorning the exterior, while on the inside a perfect bedlam is going on. At the temple, as on the streets, are hundreds of sacred monkeys, who rush pell-mell over the vast edifice, stealing whatever they can lay their hands on, and emitting ear-splitting screeches at intervals. Gongs are beaten, Hindu priests come out and go through clownish performances, and the worshipers make the atmosphere stifling with the burning of sacred wood. For hours each day this mode of worshiping is carried on. Woe to the Hindu who raises his hand against either bull or monkey, for, though these animals viciously attack him, he would be ostracized from his race forever. The tourist leaves the great holy city of Benares with the feeling that it is far better to be a bull or a monkey there than a human being.

IN AND ON THE WAY TO THE KLONDIKE.

This view is taken from near the mouth of the famous Eldorado—the creek which, up to the present, has yielded more gold than any other creek in the Klondike. Almost every foot of the ground shown in this picture contains good "pay"—even the hillsides, in many places, having proved as rich as the valley. There is no known spot in the whole world that contains so much gold in a corresponding area as that shown in the above view. Like most of the good pay spots, it stands in British territory.

SURE BOND IN CONVERSATION.

Two Wearers of Eyeglasses Need Never Be Uncongenial.

He is one of those enthusiastic men whose hobby is his friends. His chief aim in life seems to be getting those he most admires together in his home or at the club, and then leaving them to get acquainted while he writes a letter or attends to some equally unimportant piece of business. Not long ago he caused to become acquainted a man whose one desire is to thoroughly understand agriculture and a broad-minded, free-thinking lawyer, who cares no more about why things grow than a goldfish does for a mouse. They are both intelligent, but the only thing similar about them is that they both wear glasses. "Mr. Jones, this is Mr. Brown. Now, if you will excuse me, I'll write a letter," said mine host in his usual way, as he withdrew. They both lighted cigars, and the lawyer began a story of the day, but it fell flat. Then he told a better one, but the agriculturist merely smiled a faint, far away smile. The lawyer talked of a difficult case he had just won and of numerous well-known cases over the country, but called forth no answering remarks from his companion. He discoursed at length upon the theaters and all the latest music hall gossip, but to no avail. He narrated of the virtues and failings of past and modern literature, religion, art, science, the Australian ballot system and national politics. His companion listened, but said nothing, showing he was not interested. In despair, the lawyer commenced a discourse on the meteoric showers, when he noticed the agriculturist removed his spectacles and wipe them on the corner of his handkerchief. A bright idea came to him. "I see you wear spectacles," he said. "It is said there is a vast difference in results of wearing nose glasses and spectacles. I suppose you have worn both? Can you tell me what it is?" The agriculturist had, could and did. He talked on what was the matter with his eyes, what he did for them, how certain lights and things affected them, what sort of prisms to wear, who is the best occulist, and listened attentively and eagerly to like remarks from the lawyer. When mine host returned, they were still discussing the subject, and were apparently the best of friends. Which goes to prove that, no matter how far apart your everyday lives may be, whether you are a man or a woman, if you wear glasses there is always a bond of fellowship and interest between you, and an open sesame to conversation. Try it some day and see.

What One Woman's Vanity Cost Her.

A curious story comes from Monte Carlo, the heroine of which has, says the Paris correspondent of the Daily Telegraph, lost a large sum through excusable feminine vanity. She entered the Salle while a former friend and protector of hers was winning in a sweeping style that seemed destined to break the bank. "I am so glad to see you here, Prince, and in such luck, too," she exclaimed. "Do tell me a lucky number; it is sure to win, for you are now in the vein." The Prince generously placed a pile of gold louis before the vivacious lady, whose beauty had successfully defied the effects of thirty-six winters, and said: "Put it all on the number of your years and reap a golden harvest." The lady reflected, hesitated, and then placed the pile on twenty-seven. An instant later the croupier sang out, "Thirty-six red wins." The lady muttered, "Ah! mon Dieu; thirty-six is exactly my age," and fainted on the spot.

Why He Eloped.

Calmly to put away glory thrust upon him by fair women is a pitch of honest self-abnegation possible only to a genuine hero, of the type described by the Buffalo Express. A soldier boy of the Fighting Thirteenth, on his return to Buffalo, walked with an engaging limp, which excited the curiosity and sympathy of the patriotic women who surrounded him at the railway station. "Was it done by a dreadful Mauser bullet?" asked one. "Will you be crippled for life?" queried another. "I am sure he was shot while carrying a wounded comrade off the field!" gushed a third. The crippled veteran, as modest as he was brave, was visibly embarrassed by these tributes, and as soon as he could master his emotion he remarked quite simply: "Ah, g'wan! 'Taint nawthin' but a boil on me knee!"

Woman to Woman.

From the Detroit Free Press: She was a pleasant-faced woman, middle-aged, and with an air of good will to everybody, even those of her own sex. When she got on the street car there was just one seat left, and she walked toward it. But another woman had boarded the car right behind her. She, too, was middle-aged, and, though still plump, her hair had wider gray streaks in it than the coiffure of the first lady. The latter, seeing a woman apparently older than herself, stepped back from the seat she was about to take, and said: "Won't you take this seat, madam? You probably need it more than I." If it had been a man that offered the courtesy, of course, that slightly elderly lady would have accepted it with a smile, and, perhaps, with a "thank you." But this was a woman, and it was another story. She sniffed the air disdainfully, and said: "The idea! I'm no older than you. Take the seat yourself." And the other passengers all found something outside the car to attract their attention.

A Very Costly Pipe.

Four hundred thousand dollars is the estimated value of the pipe which the Shah of Persia smokes in public on state occasions. It is called "Il Kalidja," and is entirely encrusted with diamonds, rubies, pearls and emeralds.

MOTHER'S SONG.

When the thrushes cease their singing and the wild bees leave the clover;
When the glory of the sunset fades and leaves the heavens pale;
When above the hill and mountains misty shades of twilight hover,
And the discords of the daytime far away in distance fail:

When the ruth wheat gently rustles, and the timid aspens shiver,
And the west winds, sighing softly, scents from the sleeping flowers bring;
When the peewits cry together plaintively by brook and river—
Then it is that I hear the old song that my mother used to sing.

Round my neck I feel the pressure of her fingers, warm and slender,
And in sleeping dreams and waking I have felt it many times,
Just as when of old I listened to that ditty, quaint and tender,
Till the boughs that waved above us caught the cadence of the rhymes;

And my heart throbs loud and quickly as I hear it rising clearer,
Youth is mine, its hopes and visions, dreams and plans are mine again,
Earth is fairer, life is sweeter—aye, and heaven itself seems nearer
To me as I list in fancy to that ne'er-forgotten strain.

—Chambers's Journal.

PITH AND POINT.

A glass eye is the memorial window of the soul.—Princeton Tiger.

"A lady never contradicts, Mrs. Tompkins." "No, Mr. Tompkins, for a gentleman never gives her occasion."—Tit-Bits.

"How much drop has your wheel?" asked the idle person. "About forty feet, I think," answered the man who is learning.

Little Rodney—"Papa, at what age do men usually commence to be bald?" Mr. Hennypeck — "Marri-age, my son."—Judge.

"Married yet old man?" "No, but I'm engaged, and that's as good as married." "It's better, if you only knew it."—Truth.

Amateur Hunter (after missing a rabbit)—"Well, you brute, if you prefer it that way, I can get you just as well at the butcher's."

Musical cranks generally protest strenuously against the class of music that is produced by means of a crank.—Philadelphia Record.

"You and Hagby are dear friends, aren't you?" "Well, he has been dear to me, but I have never cost him anything."—Chicago Record.

"Whom would you consider the ideal wife?" "A woman who could make good bread, but not bread pudding."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Mr. Junks looks even more dismal than usual since the marriage." "Yes; he must have found wedded life less annoying than he expected."—Chicago Record.

Minnie—"I wonder if she takes something for that smooth complexion?" Mamie—"No, I think she gave something for it."—Indianapolis Journal.

Cholly—"Yaas, sevewal yeaws ago I fell deeply in love with a girl, but she wejected me—made a wegular idiot of me." Dolly—"And you never got over it?"—Tit-Bits.

A Swell—"So in your last place you were valet to a count? When did you have to call him in the morning?" "At half past 7." "Call me at a quarter to 8."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Mother (putting the boy out of the pantry)—"How many more times will I have to tell you to keep away from the preserve jar?" Small Boy (sobbing)—"No more, mamma, they're all gone."

"A man can't carry on a reasonable argument with a woman," said the married boarder. "Of course not," assented the Savage Bachelor; "because a reasonable man never tries to argue with a woman."—Indianapolis Journal.

Hotel Accommodations in San Juan.

San Juan, the capital, is better provided with hotel accommodations than any other city in Porto Rico. The leading house occupies the second and third floors of a three-story building on one of the principal streets, with its office room on the street floor. On the next floor are the little office, the parlor and about two-thirds of the guestrooms. More than half of these open into the square parlor, and, like it, have no windows to the outer air. The parlor, however, is virtually a rotunda, extending to the roof, with a great skylight and ventilators above. On the third floor the dining room occupies the east side of the house, with a beautiful outlook over ocean and harbor. A gallery encircles the parlor-rotunda at this level, and the most desirable guest chambers are on this floor, extending from the gallery to the outer wall, with windows and private balconies overlooking the harbor.

If one is accustomed to the Spanish style of cooking and serving food, the meals at that hotel are excellent. The table is amply provided, vegetables and fruits forming a much larger part of the bill of fare than in any other hotel in the island. There is European style at the meals, which is not true of any other hotel in Porto Rico. People dress for dinner, there are flowers and silver and white linen, and altogether no one need complain of life unless the detail of Spanish cooking makes it impossible for him.—Chicago Record.

A Portland Wreck Story.

Here's another coincidence with the loss of the Portland. A sea captain tells that right after the steamer was built he was given a large picture of her. It was framed and covered with glass and quite heavy. He hung it in his parlor and never took it down during these years. The Sunday when the Portland went down he and his wife were sitting in the parlor reading, when suddenly the picture fell with a crash, smashing the glass into a thousand pieces.—Portland (Me.) Express.

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DEPENDENCIES

That Have Arisen Have No Use For M m xers of Company C.

And the Consensus of Opinion Is That The Country Cannot Morally Keep Them in Service—Muster them Out.

The war is over. The purposes for which the young men of the Second Ohio enlisted have been accomplished. It does not look as if there would be any further use for them in the new dependencies. They are now in camp in the South. Some of them left school to enlist in the volunteer army. No doubt they would now rather be in school or at work in their old positions than in camp. Many Lima lads are in the South. Why not muster them out? This is a question discussed freely on the streets and in places of business.

The members of Company C. are patriotic. They wore willing to do anything, even to giving their lives for the country. But they don't want to stay in the regular army or do regular duty as volunteers. The privates are the ones spoken of. The officers in many cases are getting more pay in the army than they could earn at home.

The consensus of opinion is that the country has no right to keep them away fron the opportunities of commercial or professional life.

Muster them out!

A letter from one of the soldier boys at Camp Fornance says:

This has been a quiet week in Camp Fornance and this from various causes. The disposition of nearly all of the troops in camp here having been decided upon there is less to speculate about than formerly. In our regiment there is a great deal of talk concerning the probable length of time that will be required to get matters into shape for the mustering out of the organization. It was thought that it would be completed by the first of February, but at this time it seems that it will not be before the fifteenth of the month. It is said that some of the delay is occasioned by the fact that the Third North Carolina and the Sixth Virginia are to be mustered out first. However it may be that the officers are making ready to leave the service at the earliest possible date and it is pretty safe to assume that the Second Ohio will be at home before the twentieth of next montc.

Five new corporals have been appointed from the ranks in Company C. They are George Quail, Don Davis, Frank Link, Oscar Harper and Louis Hoffman.

The blanks to be used in mustering the regiment out of service have already been received. It required a mail sack of the kind used for second class matter to contain them.

INDIANA'S GAS DECLINE

The Pressure Is Falling All Over the Gas Belt.

Professor J. C. Leach, of Indiana, has completed his annual report as state natural gas and oil inspector. The figures in the report show natural gas is rapidly failing in the Hoosier field. In many towns in the outer edge of the belt gas is no longer relied on as fuel either for factory or domestic heating.

The center of tho field still has an abundance of gas, though it is being drawn on heavily by pipe lines conducting the fuel to distant points, notably Chicago, Indianapolis, Fort Wayne, Layfayette, Logansport, Dayton, Piqua, this city and other Ohio towns and cities.

Factories brought to Indiana ten years ago by reason of cheap fuel have been offered inducements to return to the coal districts of Illinois, Ohio, and Missouri. Nearly 1,000 good factories located at Muncie, Kokomo and Anderson on account of gas, employing about 100,000 men.

Y. M. C. A.

The opening game for the Basket Ball League will be tonight; Stair vs Thisler. The city League have arranged to play 21 games for the Pennant. Single admission 10 cents. Season ticket 50 cents.

Paul Perry, of Columbus, Ga., suffered agony for thirty years, and then cured his piles by using DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. It heals injuries and skin diseases like magic. H. F. Vorfkamp, northeast corner Main and North streets

DR. LAUDICK

Makes His Annual Report of Deaths as Health Officer.

Eight Deaths From Diphtheria, But Only Three Occured in City Limits. 334 Deaths During Year.

City Health officer Dr. Laudick has completed his annual report of deaths for 1898, which is as follows:

From accidents, 11; apoplexy, 5; asthma, 1; angina pictoria, 2; burns, 2; bowel trouble, 5, brochial trouble, 2; brain fever, 2; consumption, 37; cholera infantum, 17; concussion of the brain, 1; child birth, 2; congestion of the lungs, 4; catarrahal fever, 2; cerebral congestion, 1; cirrhosts of the liver, 2; congestion of the glotis, 1; congestion of the brain, 3; diabetes, 4; dropsy, 9; uraeic poison, 1; exhaustion, 4; flux, 1; dysentery, 2; diphtheria, 8; epilepsy, 9; fracture of the skull, 1; general debility, 20; gangreen, 1; heart trouble, 21; inanition, 1; intra uterine, 1; influenza, 1; jaundice, 3; kidney troubie, 2; la grippe, 3; lung trouble, 4; liver trouble, 3; lung fever, 1; membraneous croup, 6; malaria fever, 1; meningitis, 7; nervous prostration, 1; occlusion, 1; prematurity, 11; paralysis, 9; pneumonia, 14; peritonitis, 8; pleurisy, 1, rheumatism, 7; septicemio, 1; summer complaint, 7; still born, 14; stomach trouble, 4; spicide, 4; strangulation, 2; spinal trouble, 2; scalded, 1; typhoid fever, 4; unknown causes, 21; total, 334.

Of the total 334 persons who died during the year, 318 were white; there were 192 males, and 142 females, 83 were less than 1 year of age, 31 were under 5 years of age and 220 were over 5 years of age.

OIL NEWS.

The well being drilled in new territory near Nevada, by the farmers of that locality—merely for experimenting—has been abandoned. After drilling for 1,875 feet, and penetrating the oil bearing rock for fifty feet, neither oil nor gas was discovered.

To insure a happy new year, keep the liver clear and the body vigorous by using DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills for consumption and liver troubles. H. F. Vortkamp, northeast corner Main and North streets.

HANNA'S INFLUENCE SHOWN.

Urged by Col. Waldorf and Others He Got the 2nd Mustered Out.

Lima papers contain a resolution adopted by a citizens' committee there, thanking Senator Hanna for his action toward the discharge of the Second Ohio regiment. The citizens' committee to that end was bi-partisan, with W. H. Standish as chairman and John W. Lutz as secretary, and eight other members. It requested Postmaster Hall, of Lima, and Internal Revenue Collector Waldorf to go to Cleveland and urge Senator Hanna to interest himself in the mustering out of the regiment. These two convinced Senator Hannah that it would be proper for him to do so. They said it was the earnest request of the people and that the soldier boys did not want to do police duty. Senator Hanna promised to take the matter up with the war department and on the following Saturday Adjutant General Corbin issued his order for the discharge of the regiment.—Toledo Bee.

Nice sweet Hams 8 1-2 cts. at Watson's.

RHEUMATISM.

It is Very Much Prevalent in Lima This Winter.

The climatic conditions in Lima this season are thoroughly condusive to rheumatism. Sudden changes of atmosphere from hot to cold, which have been more frequent this winter than usual, is the cause leading to so much rheumatism among the citizens. Hundreds of people in the city complain of cold in the muscles and give it little or no attention, thinking it will readily pass away when the weather changes. This is a fatal error in judgment. Except in cases of accident, or an undue strain on the muscles, the presence of stiffness and slight pains are indicative of acute rheumatism, and unless properlyt reated will eventuate in chronic rheumatism, with all its attendant miseries.

You never heard of the like. Hams 8 1-2cts. at Watson's.

CITY COUNCILMEN.

They Again Exercise Their Parsimonious Propensity For Superfluous Parley.

A Two Hours' Session of Men Who Wear the Councilmanic Togas Last Night, Resulted in Very Little Real Business, But a Plenty of Unnecessary Chewing the Rag.

Last night's meeting of the city dads was a reiteration of all previous sessions, in that the same old "chew the rag" over seemingly inconsequential matters was carried out to suit the taste of no one save members of Lima's City Council.

The superfluous harangues made about minor matters that could be disposed of with dispatch, if the councilmen had never cultivated that parsimonious propensity of killing time to satisfy their nourished desire to be heard, is enough to distract the patience of an angel. However, it is to be hoped that as the councilmen grow older they will learn more of parliamentary etiquette, and not use so much vituperation in assailing their fellow members. When the minutes of the last meeting were read and approved last night, Messrs. Potter and Snyder were the only absentees.

Permission to store building material in Jackson street was granted J. E. Caddy.

The request for a sewer by property owners in Linden street, was referred to the sewer committee.

Clerk was instructed to have dirt removed from a certain alley in East Market street.

As was predicted in last evening's NEWS the residents of West Spring street presented a petition signed by more than fifty prominent citizens of that community asking the council to have the street commissioner to clean the street. The thoroughfare is paved but it is so far beneath the mud, so the residents of the street claim, that you cannot see it, or even tell that it is other than a mud road.

Mr. Reichelderfer made a motion to grant the prayers of the petitioners, but Mr. Koch objected and said that there were other streets in the city just as much entitled of being taken care of as Spring, and that the street commissioner was kept busy as it were.

Mr. Harmon remarked that other citizens paid taxes and were kicking just the same as the Spring street residents.

After a great deal of unnecessary parley, Mr. Pennypacker made a motion to allow the street commissioner one more scavenger. The chair ruled amendment out of order and the motion was lost.

The clerk read a communication from Mr. B. C. Faurot urging the "honorable council" to adopt his proposition of making Elm street a boulevard 80 feet in width, between McDonald and Cole streets, there being but one house in the line of the street.

A motion was made by Mr. Harmon to receive and file the communication.

Mr. Henderson, the City Solicitor, said that a number of years ago several deeds were given the city for an 80 foot street here; therefore these properties would be off the street and would escape an assessment.

It was stated by Mr. Reichelderfer that he had talked with a number of property owners in this street and had learned that they wanted an 80 foot steet, some wanting 100 feet.

This caused Mr. Harmon, to jump to his feet with the grace of a DePew and declare that he had traveled the street in question from one end to the other and found that 9 out of 10 of the property owners wanted a 66 foot street.

Chairman Hughes stated that a remonstrance against the establishment of an 80 foot street was being circulated and suggested that the matter be tabled for another week. Carried.

Two new brick hose houses, one on the South Side and one on the North Side were recommended in the report of the building committee, which was received and placed on file.

A fire alarm box was recommended for the corner of Scott and High streets in the report of the fire committee.

The following removals of street lights were recommended by the light committee: From West street to Grand Avenue and from Main to Spring, and Union street; from Central Avenue and High street to High street and Park Avenue; from Main and Spring streets to the south side of Public Square; from the tower to the east and west sides of the Square and one West Market street, east to Ba[...] street. The light committee also [re]quested that the Mayor be made [to] enforce the tree trimming ordina[nce].

A motion was made by Mr. Koch [to] refer the matter back to the commi[ttee] for reconsideration. This cause[d a] stupendous number of uncalled [for] kicks, but after each had his mig[ht] (?) say, the motion of Mr. Koch carried.

On account of the change made [in] the South Main street grade, [Mr.] William West was allowed $100 d[am]ages.

Chief of Police Watts reported [...] arrests for last week. Placed on [file].

A resolution to accept bid of Col[um]bia Construction Company to p[ave] West North street, was made. [The] matter was tabled for one week.

An ordinace, increasing the sala[ries] of the firemen, was given its first r[ead]ing and referred to the fire commit[tee].

The assessment ordinances of S[outh] Main and Market streets were refe[rred] to the paving committee.

The building committee was [in]structed to prepare for the two [new] hose houses.

Adjournment.

ANOTHER RISE.

Gasoline Has Advanced [One] Cent in Price.

Notice was Given to Dealers Mon[day] Morning.—Fight in the Indiana F[ield] Said to be the Cause of the Adva[nce].

The Standard Oil company made [an]other advance Monday in the price [of] gasoline. Oil remains at the s[ame] price as Saturday.

Saturday gasoline was quoted [at] 8 1-2 cents. Monday it was one [cent] more.

The notice of the advance was g[iven] through the local managers of [the] Standard to the independent com[pan]ies.

No cause is given for the rise, [but] oil men attribute it partially to [the] fight being made against the Cud[ahys] in the Indiana field.

Last week the Standard spent [more] than $100,000 in buying up the le[ases] of the competitive company, in o[rder] to drive it out of the field. The o[ther] cause is thought to be to assist in [the] Standard fight against Attorney [Gen]eral Monnett.

Cincinnati is under the jurisdic[tion] of the Standard Oil company, of K[en]tucky, and the sales of this terri[tory] which comprises all east of the Mis[sis]sippi and south of the Ohio ri[ver] amounts to 15,000 barrels of oil a [day].

Each barrel contains 40 gallons, [so] that an advance of one cent means [an] additional daily profit in this dis[trict] alone of $6000.—Cincinnati Post.

It won't last lon[g]. Hams 8 1-2cts at W[at]son's.

WATER WORKS NOTICE.

All water rent bills of 1898 will [be] filed with the County Auditor to [be] placed on the tax duplicate, if [not] paid before Feb. 1st. 1899.

Water rent for the first (6) mon[ths] of 1899 are now due and must be p[aid] at once or the water will be shut of[f].

12-6t TRUSTEES WATER WORKS

Only a few days, Ha[ms] 8 1-2cts. at Watson's.

Notice.

Members of Echo Temple L. G[...] are requested to be present Thurs[day] evening at their hall in Gazette bl[ock]. Business of importance. Come al[l].

MRS. SADIE MAURER, G. of [...]

Coughing injures and inflames [the] lungs. One Minute Cough C[ure] loosens the cold, allays coughing [and] heals quickly. The best cough [cure] for children. H. F. Vortkamp, no[rth]east corner Main and North streets.

Hams 8 1-2cts, at Wa[t]son's.

IF YOU HAVE

La GRIPPE A

SURE CURE IS PURE

[...] WHICH

Can be had at the

CALIFORNIA WINE CO.

AN AFTER INVENTORY SALE!

We have just finished invoicing our stock and are now ready to push business with more vigor than ever. To-morrow morning we commence AN AFTER INVENTORY CLEARANCE SALE in which all Winter Goods will be sold regardless of cost. You can now buy goods for immediate use or lay them away for another season with the satisfaction and knowledge that you have secured choice desirable, dependable goods at bargain prices in reality. Talk is cheap, but solid facts are the most convincing proof that we do as we advertise. Subjoined is a brief outline of our bargains:

Dress Goods,

A discount of 20 per cent will be deducted from all sales of Silks, Plain and Fancy Black Dress Goods, Plain and Fancy Colored Dress Goods. Here is an opportunity to buy reliable trustworthy, up-to-date goods at a bargain.

Linens.

A discount of 10 per cent. will be deducted from our regular Low Prices on Table Linens, Towels, Towelings, Table Felt etc. You know the reputation of this house for good values in Linens.

Domestics.

Such values as these have never been equaled in this city before.

A choice line of Fancy Prints, best goods, worth 6c. a yd.

Sale Price 4c.

2 cases fine soft finish yard wide Bleached Muslin, worth 8 1-3c a yd.

Sale Price 18 yards for $1.00.

A bale of good yard wide Unbleached Muslin at 4c. a yard.

All our 10c. Outing Flannels in dark and light colors will be sold at

7c. a yard.

1 case ladies' fleece lined, seamless, fast black Hose

Sale Price 9c. a Pair.

Ladies' Dress Skirts
20 per cent discount.

Children's Woolen Underwear
20 per cent. discount.

Men's Heavy Underwear
20 per cent. discount.

Embroideries and Laces
1-5 off.

New Lace Curtains.
10 per cent off

Mackintoshes
at less than cost.

All Wool Blankets
20 per cent off

Sale lasts for one week—Terms of sale Cash.

FELTZ BROS. & CO.

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